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"Is It Peace?"

"What hast thou to do with Peace? Turn thee behind me."

WHEN Jehu was driving furiously towards Jezreel to take vengeance on Jehoram, King of Israel, that potentate sent successive horsemen to meet him, with the inquiry at the head of this article. To each the answer returned was that recorded beneath it. Mr. Lloyd George, when he is amongst the Welsh conventicles, is doubtless esteemed an expert in Biblical lore; but his use of this too suggestive quotation as the title of his book excites a strong suspicion that he is unacquainted with II. Kings, ix. Some ironic demon must surely have prompted his choice.

The work is declared in the author's preface to "represent a running comment on the European situation during the past ten months." Its real value consists in its revelation of an extraordinary ignorance and profound misconception of human history on the part of this holder of the Order of Merit. In those defects is probably to be found the true explanation of the hideous fiasco of the ex-Premier's rule, and of the immense mischief which he has wrought in the world. Phrases exactly fitted to win the applause of a public meeting, and entirely devoid of any sense whatever, are of frequent occurrence. Thus: "A peace wrung by triumphant force out of helplessness is never a good peace." Clearly, then, of two opposing armies one must never completely defeat the other. The Northern States of the American Union committed a frightful error in reducing the South to impotence. No "good peace" could possibly follow. President Lincoln and General Grant were horribly mistaken in their aims, just as Wellington was mistaken at Waterloo. His proper course, would have been to leave Napoleon the means of prolonging his resistance. During the greater part of the late war our generals had the peculiar advan-

tage of having Mr. Lloyd George as their tutelary genius. Was he then endeavouring to give effect to his view that complete victory would be an evil thing? And, if so, had he secured and did he rely on a pledge of reciprocity from the Germans? Because if one side—in order to be sure of "a good peace"—carefully refrain from measures calculated utterly to crush an opponent, evidently that opponent ought to "play the game" in like fashion. Seriously, would it be possible to discover anywhere an utterance of more abject foolishness than that on which we comment? Yet the man who made it was Prime Minister of England for six years.

Here again is an illuminating sentence: "International right in these turbulent days seems to depend not on justice, but on a reckoning of chances"—*i.e.*, as the context shows, on an estimation of forces. When did it ever depend on anything else? Wise men may hope to find abstract right reigning by its own virtue in Heaven, but they do not expect to discover it so regnant on earth, for the simple reason that its effective assertion is now, and has always been, dependent on force.

Mr. Lloyd George belongs to that school—we cannot say of thought, but of speech—which imagines the boundaries of nations to be immutably fixed and to be endued with legal privilege similar to that which the laws of a nation confer on a subject. "The lesson must be taught," he says, "that larceny does not diminish in turpitude as it increases in the scale of its operations. A nation that feloniously steals, takes, and carries away a city or province is just as criminal as the thief sentenced to imprisonment for robbery by violence on the high road." Nothing more popular and nothing more nonsensical than this pronouncement can easily be conceived. The political conditions of mankind throughout human history have been fluid, not rigid. Immense movements, great displacements, have been the agencies producing the modern arrangement of nations. But by the light of Mr. Lloyd George's statement, turpitude, felony, theft appear to have laid the foundations of all their territorial claims. In our own land, our Saxon and Scandinavian forefathers "feloniously" conquered the Ancient British; the Norsemen, with equal wickedness, took many provinces from

them; and the Normans, with still greater "turpitude," conquered the whole of England. What bitter grief the perusal of English history must give to the pious ex-Premier! Unfortunately he cannot turn for relief to the records of other countries, for they all present precisely the same characteristics as our own. Incessant movement, perpetual flowing, a kaleidoscopic shifting and mixing of boundaries, are the dominant features of the histories of all European States. According to the Welsh lawyer, felony, larceny, and turpitude reign over them all.

But is the answer here that the law of the past is being superseded by the law of the future? If so, what is that law to be? Is absolute permanence to be conferred now upon whatever territorial dispositions happen for this transitory moment to be in existence as the outcome of recent and enormous change? Throughout coming generations and centuries, are those current territorial dispositions to continue in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the isles of the sea, or are they to be altered at will by the League of Nations after a judicial hearing of opposing parties? If that be intended, what are the considerations which shall determine the League's decisions, and how are they to deal with those immense fundamental causes which reign over the affairs of nations as gravitation has been supposed to reign over the movements of planets and suns? One hundred and twenty-five years ago Malthus published his *Essay on the Principle of Population*, whence was derived the conviction that mankind's tendency to increase faster than its food supply was the real occasion of those great migrations of tribes which are responsible for the present distribution of the peoples of this planet, and, incidentally, for that of modern Europe. Now, has this cause ceased to operate? It is a question of primary importance, since, unless there is such cessation, why should not the same cause produce in the future the same effects which it wrought in the past?

Let us look, then, at Japan. It has a great and crowded population and a soil from which the utmost effort can hardly wring more food than it provides already. Yet that population is increasing with extraordinary rapidity. The result of the growth resembles the effect of the rise of steam in a boiler. As this increases the energy of the

engine, so that swells the national energy of the Japanese Empire. And as steam seeks an exit, so this accumulating force tries to find vent in the world. This case of Japan is mentioned only as an admirably pertinent illustration of the truth that in days to come migrations of peoples must be expected on a scale at least as great as those of ancient times. Japan is but an instance. Behind her is Asia, inhabited by the great bulk of the human race. It is sad to think of the amount of felony, larceny, and turpitude likely to be exhibited by the tens and hundreds of millions of Asiatics when once they begin to move in earnest. Painful is it also to reflect on the amount of worry likely to be inflicted on the League of Nations, if that organisation then exist, which is highly improbable. Mrs. Partington trying to keep back the Atlantic with a broom pales as a simile!

Yet though the views of the ex-Premier must excite ridicule in any thinking persons, they have been in their effects grievous and tragic to an extent almost baffling full comprehension. During the four years following the Armistice, they were tested at the expense of the British Empire, and they have been found fatal to its stability. They have shaken the very foundations of British rule in India. They have set in motion forces tending to wipe out the magnificent results achieved during forty years of unparalleled British work in Egypt. They have blasted our naval hegemony, the noblest bequest of former generations of Englishmen. They have destroyed our supremacy in the air, and they have placed England and London and the millions of our urban inhabitants wholly at the mercy of France—happily still a friendly Power, in spite of ceaseless insult from Mr. Lloyd George's allies in the Press.

What enabled that politician to furnish these and other convincing demonstrations of the fatal consequences attendant upon the application of his theories was that, by virtue of the Coalition, he had secured the use of the Conservative Party as an instrument of destruction. It was as though a watchdog had been turned into a wolf, or a policeman into a burglar. The Conservative organisation existed to sustain the Empire, the fighting Services, and the work of England in the world. Historically also it had always stood for the defence of the landed

interest. It is strange, therefore, to find that this very Conservative Party kept in office by its votes a Government which practically confiscated landed estates all over the country. The word "confiscation" was indeed not used, but we had the effect without the name. In the cases of a great number of landed properties the whole, or very nearly the whole, income was required to pay rates and taxes. Not Lenin nor Trotsky could have ruined the owners more effectively. Thus was broken up the cement of England. The men who carried on the English tradition, the men who gave vitality to the countryside, and who in a vast number of instances had just offered their blood, or that of their sons, on the battlefield in England's service, were driven from their homes by Mr. Lloyd George, through the aid rendered him by the Conservative Party, without which he could have done nothing.

As for Ireland, the word raises such bitter shame in any Conservatives who realise the facts of the case that even to write it is painful. In the volume before us the ex-Premier plumes himself on his achievement in that connection, and dwells with special gusto on his interview with the late illustrious Michael Collins, who was "wanted" by the police for personal participation in about twenty murders at the time, and who, as head of the Irish murder organisation, had offered a reward of £100 for every skull of a slaughtered enemy. Certainly no previous Prime Minister in our history has ever covered himself with such indelible disgrace as Mr. Lloyd George when he consented to meet this diabolical ruffian. Throughout his book he seems to assume himself to be standing on an Olympian height of moral elevation, whence he looks down with saddened beneficence on those who cannot climb to his own lofty level. Yet for the head of a British Government to pass three hundred thousand British subjects, the loyalists of southern Ireland, to the mercy of criminals and assassins, to leave British women to be outraged and British men to be shot, constitutes an act of abandonment and betrayal hardly accordant with heroic virtue. As for the Irish Free State, it is being kept going only by what is in effect a secret subsidy from England, amounting to several million pounds per annum, given in the shape of permission to collect the excise duties on Guinness's sales, not in Ireland only, but also in Great Britain. Were this

withdrawn, the Free State would probably at once be bankrupt.

When we take general survey of the world, we see that, wherever Mr. Lloyd George has had a hand, his action has tended to wither the work of England, and to reinstate oppression. So it is in India, where the crude ideals of the Radical Party are visibly effacing the labours of past generations of English sahibs, who numbered amongst them some of the noblest individuals of whom any country can boast. In the proportion in which British administration is nullified, in that proportion tyranny and corruption take its place. If we maintain our garrison after that substitution is complete, we shall be buttressing cruelty and suffering with our bayonets. If the garrison be withdrawn, then instantly the whole Indian system will crumble to pieces, and the fighting races will convert India into one vast scene of rape, looting, and bloodshed. In all human probability, however, Japan would soon put a period to anarchy and rule the whole empire henceforward with a rod of iron. These are the real facts of the Indian situation, as seen by all who regard it with minds clear of prepossession, and the man immediately responsible for bringing these evils upon us is Mr. Lloyd George through his appointment of the fatal Mr. Montagu as Secretary of State. The Government of India Act, which was that statesman's special production, represents either folly or betrayal on the largest scale which any British Minister has ever reached.

Nearly everything which has been said here in regard to India applies in substance to the situation in Egypt. If we withdraw our garrison thence, as the Egyptian nationalists demand, we leave the door open for the entry of Italy or of France. Nothing, indeed, could be more attractive to Mussolini than to extend Italian rule over the land of the Pharaohs, and whatever slender chance of independence might accrue to Egypt would be due to a clash between the ambitions of two rival nations. The ex-Premier has flung away our position in Egypt, equally to the loss and the disadvantage of England and of the Egyptians themselves. Everywhere the reason of these dire misfortunes is the same. It is a wholly erroneous conception of history and of human affairs.

The Causes of Unemployment and the Remedy

We are accustomed to regard the sciences as roughly divisible into exact and demonstrated knowledge, on the one hand, and speculative exploration of as yet uncharted regions of theory, in the light of knowledge already won, on the other. Scientific progress is, indeed, hardly conceivable on any other basis. In medicine, in chemistry, in engineering, in all sciences which are practised and advanced by men who have graduated in and devoted their lives to them, this rule obtains. But in the political application of that science on which, to-day, the well-being of mankind mainly depends, economics, we find that accumulated experience counts for little. The rawest recruit to public life considers himself competent to prescribe for all economic ills.

We will quote instances of the loose treatment of economic laws which in this year of grace should have reached the stage of unassailable orthodoxy, although to all appearances they remain in that state of flux which might have been expected in the days when our aboriginal forefathers were wont to settle their inter-tribal economic problems with clubs.

First, the suggestion, against which hardly a dissentient voice is raised from any side, that it is the duty and obligation of the Government to furnish almost unlimited sums to provide artificially work for the unemployed; and second, the proposal, tentatively aired by a member of the Government, to adopt a policy of inflation as a means to the same end.

In the chaotic, dislocated condition in which we find ourselves, it may be said that desperate remedies are needed and that the classical purists should, at least temporarily, be disregarded.

And yet, if any science should be reducible to terms of simple demonstrable fact, it is that of economics, the

laws of which operate as inevitably, and should be as manifest, as any of those other natural laws which we choose to call scientific.

These considerations are prompted by the plethora of proposals in regard to unemployment, tariffs, subsidies, etc., now being poured out upon a public distracted by the after-effects of the war, intensified as these have been by madly extravagant finance and still madder promises made by those chiefly responsible, in the vain hope of escape from the consequences of their own folly. They suggest nothing so forcibly as the wild efforts of a man already insolvent to save himself by further rash speculations with the aid of moneylenders.

If tariffs present a complicated and even abstruse problem to the ordinary citizen which is the more difficult of comprehension owing to the violent antagonism between the champions of the conflicting theories, this cannot be said of the subject of unemployment. We have no hesitation in stating our belief that its causes are largely as artificial as most of the proposed remedies are unsound. These causes may be stated briefly as:—

1. The dislocation of foreign markets owing to the war;
2. The reduction of internal purchasing power owing to excessive taxation;
3. The dole; and
4. Disinclination to work or to accept an economic wage.

The first of these conditions must, while it lasts, be accepted as an adverse factor as inevitable as a bad harvest or the Japanese earthquake. The only chance of remedy is in regard to Nos. 2, 3, and 4. No education in economics should be necessary to realise that the present crushing taxation is crippling industry, equally in production and marketing. Even Labour, which so lately gloried in the plunder of the capitalist, has awakened to this simple truth. Mr. Clynes' advocacy of the capital levy, as naïve a proceeding as the Irishman's method of lengthening his blanket by cutting off a piece at one end and sewing it on at the other, is a recognition of the national necessity to reduce taxation. The Government with its labour policy seems determined to perpetuate the pursuit of illusions initiated by Mr. Lloyd George, rather than to turn on the

cold shower bath of common sense which alone can bring the nation back to realities. The promotion of vast public works financed by huge national loans is as unsound and illusory a policy as the capital levy itself.

Schemes for new railways, electric power distribution, and other public works, which, as those responsible for the direction of such undertakings are aware, would, if privately promoted, have failed to secure Parliamentary sanction or financial backing on their merits, are now to be rushed through with public money at the bidding of amateur officials. In the inevitable sequel every locality, every contractor, every manufacturer, or vendor of requisite material, will naturally join in the scramble for a share of the spoils. There will be a revival of that orgy of axe-grinding rampant during the war.

If, indeed, that inexhaustible store of capital which is the mirage of the Labour Party really existed, there might be in an emergency some excuse for such measures.

But, in fact, every pound thus taken from the attenuated reserves which the spendthrifts have so far failed to dissipate will still further reduce the capital available for that sound enterprise by which alone our national prosperity can be rebuilt. At the same time, while the money is sunk in unremunerative works, the burden of taxation will be increased by the charges on the necessary loans. Exactly the same principles apply to our national economic position as to an individual who, having had a profitable business, had lost, through a combination of misfortune and extravagance, a large part of his capital and found both his income and solvency in danger. His only chance of recovery would be to limit his borrowing to quickly profitable purposes and immediately to reduce in every way possible his expenditure upon non-essentials. Our national policy is exactly the opposite. Why? Because we have not yet dared to kill the lie, recklessly broadcast by Mr. Lloyd George in his "Homes for Heroes" vein, that as a result of the war the standard of living would be raised to a higher level than ever before, when in fact it was obvious that, for a period at least, it must be lowered. The whole policy of the fantastic wages paid during the war, and of doles since, is based upon this absurdity. The dole is simply an expedient for staving off the unpleasant

day when the inescapable first law of economics, that nothing is worth more than it will fetch, can no longer be ignored, even by those who have been encouraged by sentimentalists and vote-catchers to batten on the labour and saving of their fellows. State spoon-feeding has enormously multiplied the drones and has demoralised large sections of the community, while adding an intolerable burden to the conscientious and thrifty workers.

In stating our view of the chief causes of unemployment we have indicated the remedies. The necessity to reduce taxation and local rating burdens is a platitude with politicians. So far, however, there is little evidence of determined effort to effect drastic retrenchment except along the line of least resistance, namely by such rash reductions of our naval and military forces as have driven Sir Robert Horne to utter a timely warning that unless we are prepared to restore them in proportion to our needs and responsibilities, we shall sink to the level of a third-rate Power. It would almost seem that the Government is content to wait for the opportunity, which may soon be expected to arise, of easing the national burden by funding the public debt at a lower rate of interest. A saving of possibly £50,000,000 a year from this source is an advantage which should automatically accrue to the taxpayer in the natural course of events, and for which no Chancellor who happens to be in office will deserve any special credit.

Equally, if not more important is the restoration of production to an economic basis. Reduced to the simplest terms, employment depends upon the sale of the product of labour, and the sale of the full product depends only upon the price being low enough. Ultimately the buyer fixes the price, not the seller, except under conditions of artificial shortage. Volumes of argument cannot shake this simple truth. When the Tyneside was idle, the repairing docks at Antwerp and Hamburg were busy reconditioning ships at a third or a half less than the lowest cost our yards could quote. No trade union theories as to the standard of living can survive a period of depression and free competition. In other words, they cannot defeat economic law.

At a price, maybe temporarily a low price, labour could always find a market. If a rivetter could not be paid £5 a week, he might be paid £3; and if not £3, then

£2 10s. or £2. If a builder will not risk the construction of a house at £1,000, he might be willing to risk and able to finance it at, say, £700. Employment—full employment—would be maintained and the wheels of industry would be kept going. As soon as demand overtook supply, conditions generally and wages would improve. Labour would merely have adjusted itself to an inevitable law from which it cannot by any means ultimately escape. Its vain efforts to do so by arbitrary rates of wage, restrictions on output, doles, and now, finally, public relief works, are mere postponements for which it will have to pay dearly in the end. They could not have lasted a month or a day but for the accumulation of capital which they are gradually dissipating.

Does anyone suppose that a Union of Agricultural Labourers could by a committee meeting of its officials have compelled the farmers to maintain a wage of £3 a week? Hard and pitiable as is their lot, it is better for the men and for the country that they should continue working at 30s. a week rather than strike and exist on some form of public assistance. The boasted "solidarity" of labour is a mockery while it leaves the agricultural workers to bear alone the burden of having done their duty to the community, without benefiting from that rapid reduction in the cost of living which would ensue from a similar general adjustment of all wages to the true economic level.

If our primitive ancestors had protested against the dispensations of their deities (in the absence of the more vulnerable capitalist) by ceasing effort to provide for their needs by tillage, hunting, or fishing, they would have starved. Providence would be no kinder to our population to-day, and they are only privileged to play the fool for a longer period because generations of their predecessors have accumulated capital and credit not yet exhausted.

To sum up, therefore, the duty of the Government is to cheapen production by reducing national expenditure; the duty (and interest) of Labour is to take what it can get, which is plain English for an economic wage. As long as conditions are unfavourable this will probably be considerably less than they expect or than they have been

taught to believe is their due. It would, however, involve little hardship to those workers for whom sympathetic concern need be felt, if at the same time all ca' canny restrictions on output, and the absurdity of a uniform wage, were abolished. Free trade in labour and payment by results would very quickly increase and cheapen production, while providing an adequate remuneration to the hard or skilful worker. The slackers, whom it has been the concern of the Unions to maintain above their deserts at the expense of the better workers, would naturally sink to their proper level. Only by these means can the standard of living be maintained and ultimately improved. As a result of increased production, general employment, reduction of taxation, and the stoppage of the huge waste on doles, commodity costs would rapidly fall, so that wages would have a greater purchasing power.

The problem will be attacked from innumerable angles. It will be obscured by clouds of dust raised in partisan controversy. It will be beslavered by sentiment. It has, of course, many aspects, some of them important, which we have not space to mention. But when all is said, when the disputants have exhausted themselves and the country, the contentions set forth above will be recognised as fundamentally correct.

We greatly regret that the article by the Rt. Hon. W. F. Massey, Premier of New Zealand, which was announced to appear in this issue, could not possibly be completed before we went to press. It will be published in December. Other articles which will appear in our next issue are "Free Trade within the Empire," by Austin Harrison; "The Death Penalty in Time of Peace," by M. P. Willcocks; "The Failure of Democracy," by E. P. Hewitt, K.C., LL.D.

Current Comments

THERE is a Pharisaical perversity about the official mind which invariably results in an almost nauseating anxiety to show generosity to our enemies, while treating the claims of friends with the callous suspicion and procrastination proper to official guardians of the public purse. We have urged, and shall continue to urge, the claims of the Irish Loyalists, whose treatment by the late and present Government is an indelible disgrace to the nation. It is unnecessary to elaborate their case, which by this time must be understood by everyone who is possessed of a spark of proper feeling. It is hardly credible, but it is a fact, that next to nothing is being done to discharge our national obligation to them. Bitter humiliation is now added to our shameful default by the proceedings in progress for the compensation of the suspected individuals arrested and handed over to the Irish Free State. That if they were traitors, as alleged, they deserved to be arrested is of course perfectly clear, but the Attorney-General, Sir Douglas Hogg, made the technical mistake of ignoring provisions of the Habeas Corpus Act and advising their being handed over to the Free State. Some of them have admitted in evidence that the murder of Sir Henry Wilson was inspired by the Free State, as he was regarded as the most formidable obstacle to the military subjection of Ulster. Nevertheless, owing to the ignorance of the Attorney-General of the foundation of our Constitution, all these people are to receive immediate cash compensation on the most generous scale. Meanwhile the Irish Loyalists, whose land has been stolen, whose homes have been burned and plundered, whose families have been murdered and outraged by these same criminals and their associates, receive nothing but empty official excuses.

Uneven-handed Justice

Another Department true to type is that dealing with the settlement of Anglo-German debts. It is indefatigable in its conscientious endeavours to secure for German claimants the last penny of any pre-war debts due, and

insists upon payment in English currency. On some quite incomprehensible ground, it makes a profit on the transaction in remitting to Germany. On the other hand, it permits the settlement of a German debt to an English creditor in German currency, thus reducing the whole machinery to a huge joke, as ever, against our own nationals.

A British Consul abroad, as an isolated guardian of his countrymen's interests, is commonly a good fellow with qualities pleasantly recognisable as English. But the civil servant at home, a mere unit in a soulless "Department," soon loses, not merely his English, but almost his human, characteristics.

Imperial Preference

We published last month a thoughtful article on Imperial preference by Mr. H. T. Pooley, the Secretary of the British Empire Producers' Organisation, a representative body which, as is now an open secret, has powerfully influenced the policy of the Government declared during the Conference.

This organisation having been formed for the purpose of co-ordinating and formulating a common Imperial economic policy, Mr. Pooley was able to make a very accurate forecast of the proposals which would be laid before the Conference by the Dominion delegates. These have been met by offers on the part of the Government which carry us a definite stage along the road of Imperial preference advocated by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. There is no indication, however, that the Government, whatever may be the private views of some of its members, is prepared to renew the food tax battle which ended so disastrously to the Conservative cause in 1906.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that the Electorate has substantially modified its attitude. Even the farmers as a body seem resigned to the hopelessness of remedying their desperate plight by a tax on wheat.

It is evident, therefore, that the Dominions must for the moment rest content with the slight breach which they have made in the Free Trade wall and concentrate their further efforts upon such other direct and indirect advantages as it may be possible to extract from a Conference unanimously determined to achieve some tangible results. The Government's proposals have so far avoided the risk

of antagonising public opinion by raising the price of food. The evident aim is to afford as far as possible a preferential market to the Dominions short of this probably impracticable condition, and the possibilities of this policy are far from exhausted. That they can be developed to the fullest degree without traversing some of the more pedantic principles of Free Trade is too much to hope, but a robust faith in its fundamental soundness need certainly not preclude measures calculated to promote the preferential exchange of commodities within the family.

Alternatives to Food Taxes

Once it is agreed that flat food taxes are out of the question, there will be greater activity in devising alternative aids to agriculture. The English farmer, for instance, would benefit substantially by a duty, not upon wheat, but upon imported flour. Foreign flour not only robs the home milling industry, but results in such a scarcity of offals, required for feeding stock, that these often fetch more than the whole grain. The stimulation of the milling industry in this country would almost certainly benefit the farmer in other ways as well. The hop control, intended to limit the importation of foreign hops until the home-grown supply is absorbed, appears to have been bungled by the authorities, probably because the growers and the brewers have not been sufficiently trusted to work the scheme. With the experience gained, however, and the relegation of the bureaucratic element to its proper secondary position (that merely of registrar), this is a practical measure which should, in an average of seasons, render hop growing as reasonably remunerative an industry as any other. It should certainly be extended to potatoes, a crop that employs far more labour than wheat. The merely doctrinaire Free Trader will complain that even such measures as these violate his principles. Some Christian Scientists and some teetotallers have died rather than call in a doctor, or touch a spoonful of brandy; but, for our part, convinced as we are of the essential virtues of Free Trade, we should prefer to make such concessions to preserve an industry, the desertion of which would do infinitely greater violence to our conception of national duty.

The considerations set forth above are, of course,

merely empirical. But they should be demonstrably sound, or the reverse, in the light of scientific analysis. It is the absence of such scientific investigation of the grave problems before the Conference and the danger of merely haphazard, sentimental decisions, which we deplore. It has been said that the Empire was created in a fit of absence of mind. It will not so be held together, or fulfil what should be its splendid destiny.

In forthcoming numbers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW we shall publish a series of articles on Imperial and National Economics by writers of authority, which, by providing a platform for divergent schools of thought, and by dealing specifically with the live issues of the moment, will afford an easier means of enlightenment than the somewhat laborious process of reference to the monumental works of the classical economists.

France and Germany

THE lively hopes, raised by the Baldwin-Poincaré meeting in Paris, that early and definite progress would be made towards the settlement of the nightmare which hangs over Europe are still deferred. Some more tangible evidence of Mr. Baldwin's resolve to induce his Government to change its critical attitude towards French policy to one of active co-operation has been unaccountably lacking. Lord Curzon, however, has not been restrained from delivering a speech to the Dominion delegates of which the evident intention was to discount as far as possible the effect of the *rapprochement* effected by Mr. Baldwin and to justify his own anti-French bias.

Lord Curzon evidently places his personal prestige and predilections above all other considerations. It is unfortunate for the Government that it is unable to restrain his peevish indiscretions, since these must be in the end unavailing and damaging to British interests. It is already clear that by encouraging Germany they have prolonged the agony and made the ultimate reckoning more painful. Germany is evidently determined to play her very last card of obstruction, even if it involves the break-up of the Reich into several States. We cannot pretend that such an outcome of the struggle would be anything but favourable to hopes of a long peace. Most decidedly, it

need not reduce the capacity of the several States to earn and pay as large a sum in reparations as a Junker-ridden single German State, certain soon to be planning a war of revenge. It would be more likely to have the contrary effect. While no one in England has deliberately worked for such a result of the protracted struggle for which English policy, or want of policy, has been chiefly to blame, there is no reason why it should cause tears and lamentations. In France, we imagine, it would be regarded with philosophic calm and a relaxation of natural anxiety, which would be probably reflected in a more accommodating spirit in the matter of cash payments, and possibly also in a material reduction of French armaments.

Singapore

STRONG opposition is still exhibited in certain quarters to the decision to create a thoroughly equipped naval base at Singapore. One ground of objection which seems to be considered likely to win adherents is the simple one of the expense involved. Yet a sum of eleven million pounds, spread over a term of ten years, does not seem a very heavy price to pay for ability to succour our brethren in the Dominions in the hour of their need. It is necessary here to be candid and to look facts in the face. The one dread of all the autonomous States of the Empire is that of inundation from Asia. Were they to open their doors freely to Asiatic emigrants, and to accord them full rights of citizenship, they would probably cease within the lifetime of a single generation to be white men's countries. Politically they would be dominated entirely by Asiatics, while economically and socially their standard of living would be lowered to the Asiatic level. Therefore, they must at all costs keep those doors shut and barred. But what if a great armed Asiatic Power were to threaten to force an entry? Six or seven millions of people in Australia and New Zealand cannot hope to resist successfully sixty or seventy millions of enemies.

Suppose, then, the situation which we are contemplating actually to occur—as it may, before the world is many years older—and imagine the appeal, the inevitable appeal, to us in the old Motherland for swift and effective aid. That appeal would be irresistible; it would proceed from

those who had themselves rendered us noble help in the Great War. But unless the dock at Singapore were in existence, we should be powerless to assist. We should have to leave to the Asiatic Power full mastery of the Pacific and impotently watch the gradual overthrow of the men of our blood and race. It would be for us a position of unspeakable ignominy and shame. Never, after that, could England raise her head.

This situation would accrue because, *pace* Admiral Percy Scott, the capital ship, battleship or battle cruiser, is still the deciding factor in naval war. In the case supposed we should have either to send ships capable of coping with the enemies' battleships and battle cruisers, or not, and if they were not capable, they would, if they fought, be sunk. (This hard fact remains, even after Admiral Scott's oft-quoted midshipman has repeated his "no damn use at all" a thousand times.) Another argument is that we could not, in the case imagined, go effectively to the rescue of the Dominions without denuding ourselves of the greater part of our naval protection at home. This would have been a very powerful motive for refusing to enter the Washington trap; but to allege it as a reason for abandoning our Daughter States to overwhelming attack would be to incur at once the full shame and ignominy referred to above. The answer to this objection is that, in the event considered, we must certainly incur the risk, unless indeed we are, so to speak, physically prevented by simultaneous onslaught from some other enemy in home waters, in which case the British Empire would cease to exist.

As for the submarine, however dangerous it may be to merchant shipping, it is now chiefly formidable to ships of war when operating in narrow channels. The march of invention has gone far to equip them with means to overcome the submarine peril when on the high seas.

Free State Credit

If, as some of our readers may be inclined to think, we are obsessed by the idea of economic law, it is because we are profoundly convinced that it is but an integral part of the truth which is great and will prevail. A State cannot prosper without funds, or credit, and it cannot hope to command either

unless it conforms with the elementary laws of economics which govern the conduct of those who possess these useful commodities. Now, the Irish Free State has no funds; it has no tangible assets; it has already £100,000,000 of liabilities which, if not soon provided for, threaten bankruptcy. Apart from all extraneous liabilities arising out of the rebellion, it is not paying its way. The deficit this year will be over £20,000,000. Commerce, manufactures, even agriculture, are in such a bad condition that revenue from taxation must shrink unless they be quickly restored.

Labour has got the bit in its teeth, and Messrs. Cosgrave and Co. have shown no signs of being men enough to master it. Conciliation is out of the question. Nothing short of the drastic measures of a Mussolini would stand the slightest chance of restoring order and of giving opportunity to the farmers and traders to get down to steady profitable work.

The one large profitable industry remaining is Guinness's Brewery, from which, as we hold, illegally, the Free State has been collecting ten or eleven millions sterling a year of excise duty, which really belongs to the British taxpayer. It is known that Messrs. Guinness, looking ahead, have acquired a site near Manchester, and it is already announced that they have commenced brewing at Holyhead. The full beauty and significance of the idiotic cry " Ourselves alone " may be revealed to the comic opera patriots of the Free State sooner than they expect. What then? Will America produce the necessary millions? Will England? Or perhaps it is to Germany or Moscow that these hare-brained statesmen are looking? When General Smuts, having rendered such signal aid in producing this miraculous Irish settlement, shall have also settled the affairs of Germany, perhaps he will undertake to plead the cause of Ireland with the League of Nations. The Free State has already agreed to abolish the 26 per cent. duty imposed by the Allies on German goods towards reparations. Mr. Cosgrave accepts membership of the League as on behalf of " an independent State." He and his " Minister for War," Mulcahy, actually attend the Imperial Economic Conference, from which loyal Ulster is excluded. If English sense of shame has not yet recovered from Coalition chloroform, surely our sense of

humour will soon reveal to us the true nature of the monstrous hoax of which we have been the dupes.

Meanwhile time presses, bankers are uneasy, and the brave warriors of the Free State army would quickly get out of hand if they were not paid, clothed, and fed. Most of them are already experts at providing for their wants by inconvenient methods of direct action which would shock the dreamers at Geneva. It is, indeed, an exceedingly uncomfortable prospect. Either, and soon, an O'Mussolini, a few firing parties, and a cargo of castor oil, or collapse, and the re-entry of the hated Saxon to keep the peace.

The Orator of the Tribe.

Some natural smiles have been excited by the induction of Mr. Lloyd George at Minneapolis into "full membership of the Sioux tribe" and his endowment with the name of "Wambli Nopa." Immediately afterwards, it is reported that he was presented with "an illuminated scroll enclosed in a beautiful golden cylinder as a memento of what he had done 'to restore Palestine to the Jews for their homeland and the centre of Jewish culture.'"

As the Arabs of Palestine outnumber the Jews in the proportion of nearly ten to one, Wambli Nopa's action in this regard constitutes a complete defiance of his own and ex-President Wilson's favourite doctrine of self-determinism. Our Welsh lawyer-politician is now equally entitled to pose as a champion of Red Indians or of Jews. Would that he could be retained permanently and exclusively by either! No claim upon his services will be put forward by England. Wambli Nopa, on his part, exhibited the most anxious desire to please. He declared that "the United States held in the hollow of her hand the destiny of the world"—a tall phrase, indeed!

Meantime Lord Birkenhead, who has been perambulating both the States and Canada, has thought it incumbent on him to supply his former chief with what might almost be termed another "illuminated scroll" in the shape of a gorgeous testimonial to his merit. Mr. Lloyd George is, it seems, the "greatest of living Englishmen." What will Wales say to this?

CURRENT COMMENTS

Fancy Free

THE tedious search for information which constitutes so large a part of our editorial duties is sometimes relieved by the discovery of a bright gem of original constructive thought, lucidly expressed, which encourages the hope that our countrymen will still be led out of the wilderness to Tom Tiddler's ground, so alluringly depicted by Mr. Lloyd George, but so disappointingly elusive.

We have endeavoured in this issue to present the problem of unemployment in the light of hard reality, but Mr. McCurdy, M.P., in a speech to his constituents at Northampton, was happily able to dispose of it in a much pleasanter fashion. After inducing the appropriately hilarious atmosphere by a humorous reference to the "Yes, we have no policy to-day" Government, he was bold enough to state the "cold unpalatable truth that the creation of wealth per man, per hour," has already fallen to less than half that in the United States. But "larger profits and bigger wages are like blackberries on a bramble-bush, waiting to be gathered." It is only necessary, according to the sanguine Mr. McCurdy, to return a Liberal Government and shake the bushes.

"A radical policy for the development of our trade must include the development of the home market; a programme of re-equipment and reconstruction which will, of itself, relieve, if not entirely remove, the abnormal unemployment from which we are at present suffering; and a new policy with regard to the relation of Capital and Labour, which will at once remove from the British worker the incentive to restrict output and to resist the introduction of labour-saving machinery and more efficient methods of organisation."

If it is all so simple as that, why do we wait? From the abbreviated report which we read it does not appear that any questions were asked. It would, of course, have been indelicate to subject such a flight of imagination to matter-of-fact cross-examination, and Mr. McCurdy would have been entitled to claim poetic license.

Bright hopes for the future of our land do not, however, rest with Mr. McCurdy and the Liberal Party alone. The I.L.P. has a little plan of its own. It has nominated over 1,100 candidates for the forthcoming municipal elections, and it has issued a programme.

"It requires and will foster a civic patriotism which delights in fine streets, good houses, efficient public services, and a healthy, well-educated population. Its full application anticipates a time when every town will be animated by a healthy civic rivalry, which might even culminate in national exhibitions of civic enterprise. In such ways will Socialism maintain the competitive spirit in society.

"Pending the enlargement of local powers, the Socialist municipal programme demands that local governing authorities shall make full use of the powers already granted. Municipalities are to-day making very limited and timid use of their powers for fear of raising rates. If the foregoing policy and its effect upon real wages is once understood, the citizen will come to see that his rates are a sound financial investment.

"The system of capitalism and private profit-making is failing to provide the needs of the people. That should be the chief reason for local governing authorities coming to the rescue of the people, and functioning as one of the chief instruments for providing their needs."

Should a sufficient proportion of the 1,100 Socialist candidates secure election to realise any of these roseate dreams, their effect upon real wages will prove to be anything but a sound investment.

The Panel System

We initiated the controversy, still going on in our columns, on the Panel system by publishing an attack upon it from the pen of a well-known medical man. In fairness we followed by publishing an article in defence and several letters on the subject. We are pledged always to give both sides a fair hearing, and we therefore print the following communication, which we have received from a medical man of high standing, as it expresses a point of view which we do not remember to have seen stated so strongly before:—

How difficult it is to overcome the power of suppression! Suppression is one of the most powerful instruments of propaganda. Has it ever appeared in the public Press that the main difficulty in the question of the National Health Insurance question is that the old philanthropic clubs and friendly societies have been to a very large extent supplanted by a sheer cold-blooded business proposition whose one aim is to return a dividend to its shareholders and big salaries to its officials?

Take, for example, the case of the Prudential. A very ably managed business which owes a considerable part of its wealth to lapsed premiums, this society acts as an approved society under the Insurance Act, and, owing to its ably managed and universal manipulations, it has to a very large extent supplanted the old friendly societies. How great the influence it exercises is little recognised except by the doctors who suffer from its malign influences. Human memory is short, and perhaps few remember the question of this powerful business being attacked in public and in Parliament, and how cleverly the Prudential manipulated the public into quietude. The number of public men, members of the House of Commons, Church dignitaries, and others participating in the swollen profits of a business mainly based upon the enormous gain arising from lapsed policies was fully exposed, but, owing to the great power exercised through Press and Parliament by this colossal company, no useful result was obtained.

It was a very convenient thing for a Government Department to deal with a businesslike concern, but that is no reason why the whole moral fabric of what is in essence a measure meant for philanthropic ends should be prostituted to be the means of sheer business dividends.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Labour at Geneva

THERE is a question connected with the gathering of the Labour delegates at Geneva which very sorely demands consideration. That question is as to the wisdom or the folly of those provisions in the Covenant of the League of Nations which have called the International Labour Council into being. They strike at the foundations of representative government and they legalise the principle of anarchy by ignoring that of nationality.

The whole theory of constitutional democracy is based on the idea of representation. Under the wide franchise of modern times—assuredly under that obtaining in Britain—all classes through their votes are represented in the various national assemblies and in the Ministries which those assemblies support in power. Why, then, should one particular class, namely, that which labels itself " Labour," receive a special and separate representation at Geneva? Why should not that class, in common with all other " classes," be content with the delegates appointed by the respective national Governments?

To establish an International Labour Council is to traverse the fundamental ideas of constitutionalism and thus to attempt to start the disintegration of nations. We pointed out recently that the growth of human society had been precisely analogous to the formation of matter. We wrote: " Always the process has been one of the aggregation of parts into a larger whole. Over the long succession, from the beginning of life to the social structures of civilised man, Nature has maintained the reign of the same law."

When ex-President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George devised the Geneva Labour Council, they conferred legal status on the forces making for the destruction of civilisation itself. For the unity of mankind, if it is to be ever achieved, can be reached only along the same line of ascent followed hitherto. As nations have been formed through the union of tribes, so the " United States of Europe," or ultimately of the world, can only be shaped out of the union of nations. To treat their most numerous elements, namely manual labourers, as alien to the essential structure is not to build up, but to break up. Where was the statesmanship, where the understanding, of the men who did this thing?

Armistice Day

(A Phantasy)

By Capt. John J. Willoughby

The half-light of a raw November day:
A rainy sleet, glistening where street-lamps gleamed
Yellow and white—glowing—like jewels, they seemed
Broidery upon the garment of fog that lay,
Shroud-like, o'er London—
In the deserted street
I paused awhile, seeking to hear the beat
Of England's heart, those distant sounds that tell
Of hurrying traffic—life flooding within the veins
Of a great nation, that strives, and toils, and strains . . .
And all at once it seemed a silence fell,
Breathless . . . expectant . . . .
Now broken by the sound
Of muffled music, dimmed by the fog, that bound
The earth more closely . . . Nearer, and nearer still,
The strains approached . . . Nothing triumphal here;
A melody that spoke of pain and fear—
That clutched the heart, like fingers damp and chill:
And ever nearer, keeping the music's beat,
Approached the steady tramp of marching feet. . . .
Suddenly, thrusting thro' the yellow haze,
They came in view, a full battalion strong;
Section by section, silent and stern; no song;
No sound of laughter, as in other days
Might mark the passage of a regiment—
Only that wild refrain of dire lament.
And, as the leaders passed with heavy tread,
I saw that none bore arms—each marched arrayed
In tattered khaki, muddied, and torn, and frayed;
Rotten with age, and somewheres stained with red,
A rusty red, symbol of ancient hurt,
That matched too well the khaki's glaze of dirt . . .

Now, as they passed, upon each face I gazed:
A face of suffering, each, deep lined with pain,
And ghastly white, or greying, as who had lain
Long in the tomb. I started back, amazed,
And, awe-struck, watched the terrible advance—
The DEAD that perished on the Fields of France!
A moment more, and, on a sharp command,
The march was stayed: whereon, with faltering mien,
I asked the nearest one, a lad, eighteen
Perhaps in life, no more, marked with the brand
Of war, and disillusion—"Say, what quest
Is yours, that you should leave a well-earned rest?"
"No rest for us!" he bitterly replied;
"For us who thought by sacrifice to make
Peace upon Earth; who for our Country's sake
Offered our youth and manhood . . . suffered . . . . died!
The Land we loved, the Land we lost, to save,
Has fall'n in ashes round about our grave. . . .
So we must wait, chained to this mortal clay,
Until the world is clean, the strife is o'er—
Till Peace, and soft Contentment, as of yore,
Triumph o'er Greed! . . .
Only upon this day
At the eleventh hour, we keep, each year,
A tryst with one, Unknown, who waits us here." . . .
Obedient to the order, on again,
Section by section passed. . . . Till all were hid
In the enfolding fog. . . .
And still, amid
The silence, I seemed to hear that wild refrain
That plays them ever on—
Till Peace shall reign;
Till front to front, fanned by the soft winds' kiss,
Shall echo, with a mighty voice . . . DISMISS!

The Financial Policy of Labour

A Reply to Mr. Clynes

By W. W. Paine

(Joint General Manager of Lloyds Bank Limited)

I have been asked by the Editor to reply to the article on this subject contributed to the October number of this Review by Mr. J. R. Clynes.

The time at my disposal, amidst many other pressing engagements, is insufficient to enable me to attempt a complete reply, and, indeed, anything like an exhaustive discussion of the financial policy of the Labour Party, as expressed in its programme at the last General Election, could not be furnished within the limits of a single article of any reasonable length.

I must confine myself, therefore, to a very cursory survey of several important questions dealt with by Mr. Clynes and turn my attention mainly to his advocacy of a capital levy.

As Mr. Clynes knows, I approach this subject full of respect for him, for his sincerity is beyond question, and with great sympathy with the aspirations of the leaders of the Labour Party for the betterment of the conditions under which our workpeople live, but with the most earnest and sincere belief that this can never be attained by the methods proposed, and that a capital levy and the nationalisation of industry, which are closely correlated, can only in the long run intensify many of the evils from which we are at present suffering and bring disaster upon the nation.

At the opening of his article Mr. Clynes makes the surprising statement that, had our Governments practised the international doctrines pressed by Labour for years before, the war might have been averted. It may be safely said that, except at the cost of subjecting this country to the domination of Germany, any Government, Labour or other, would have been as powerless to avert the war as King Canute was to stay the ingress of the tide. And

there is a whole series of statements made and opinions expressed by Mr. Clynes which have no better evidence to support them, and which are entirely contrary to the facts as business men know them to be.

He assures us, for example, that you can take 3,000 million pounds, in cash or securities, out of the pockets of the people without any disturbance or loss of trade!

He appears to contemplate a State in which about nineteen-twentieths of the population, with, say, nine-tenths of the votes, will pay no taxation whatever, direct or indirect, except, perhaps, duties on their beer and tobacco, and which, with that exception, will be wholly supported by taxation taken from the pockets of the remaining one-twentieth. No one will be allowed to become rich beyond a certain point. That will be seen to by more steeply graded income tax and death duties.

Now, apart from the fact that a State governed on those lines must very soon die of inanition, and from the loss of all its most able and energetic men, who will see that they can do better for themselves in our Colonies or elsewhere, such a policy seems closely analogous to the course, so justly reprobated by Labour, which, years ago, was followed by many shortsighted employers when they cut piece rates because they thought their workpeople were earning too much.

I fully agree with Mr. Clynes that it would be a good thing that there should be a more even distribution of wealth, but that can only be usefully obtained by wholly different means, and not by vindictive taxation of those who, by harder work or great abilities, succeed in amassing greater wealth than their fellows. I have no time in this article to develop these, but they may briefly be indicated by saying that they lie in the direction of fostering and encouraging the production of new wealth, rather than by stifling it, as the measures proposed by Mr. Clynes will inevitably do, and providing for a more equitable distribution of that wealth by the various forms of co-partnery and profit sharing applicable to each class of trade and business, coupled with a bold and generous scheme of insurance against unemployment.

I must now turn to the arguments which Mr. Clynes adduces in support of a capital levy as a means to the end

which he desires to see established. No doubt it will bring about, for the time being, a more even distribution of wealth, but the question is at what cost this will be effected. I have referred to "arguments," but, with all respect to Mr. Clynes, these are for the most part mere statements of his opinion, unsupported by facts or by reasoning.

With one exception—the question of disturbance—to which I have already alluded, he ignores all the objections which have been raised to a capital levy and are supported by reasoned arguments. The advocates of such a subversal of our financial policy and experience, which, put at the very best, is a gigantic experiment the results of which to our trade and commerce cannot accurately be foreseen, are in the position of plaintiffs, who must support and prove their case by showing that the objections to it, which have been advanced, are not well founded. But no serious attempt of the kind is made.

Take, first, the question of the amount of existing taxation which such a levy will save. Sir Josiah Stamp, an eminent statistician, and by no means an out-and-out opponent of the levy, in one of his recent Newmarch lectures, showed, as the result of painstaking and laborious methods of calculation, that the net annual saving effected by a levy of 3,000 million pounds, quite apart from any of the indirect consequences which would ensue, would not exceed from 40 to 50 millions. That estimate accorded, almost exactly, with an estimate which I myself made in a series of articles contributed to *The Times*, and which was arrived at by different and less scientific methods. If we are right, that means that, as regards two-thirds of its amount, the levy will be "still-born" and will be of no benefit whatever from the point of view of taxation. We may, of course, both of us be wrong; but, at any rate, it is the duty of the advocates of the levy to show that this is the case, for obviously an experiment which it might be worth while to make to save 140 or 150 millions a year may not be worth the candle to save 40 or 50 millions.

Next, it has been shown that a capital tax of the kind proposed stands upon a different footing, with the possible exception of death duties, to which totally different considerations apply, from any tax which has hitherto formed part of our fiscal system.

Brains, labour, and capital are the three essentials of all production, and a tax on capital is, therefore, a tax upon the means, instead of upon the fruits, of production, and must of necessity reduce not only those fruits, but the labour and employment required for their production. It is, therefore, as I have elsewhere said, a tax on the seed instead of upon the harvest, and diminishes the crop.

But that is not the only objection. For the purposes of a capital levy it is necessary to take the wealth of each citizen at a named date, with the result that the levy is not only made on a particular class, but on that class at a particular date. Six months afterwards the position may prove to be widely different. A, who has paid the levy on an assumed capital of x pounds, may, owing to some unfortunate investment or mishap, prove to be a much poorer man. B may by good fortune prove to be much richer than he appeared to be at that date. Think of what the results would have been had the levy been made just prior to the slump in trade in the autumn of 1920. That may have been an extreme case not likely to recur, but it has to be remembered that the levy itself is likely to cause such a dislocation of trade and financial crisis as may produce a similar result.

One has next to consider the effects, direct and indirect, of such a levy upon trade and employment. It has been already pointed out that the first and most direct effect of the levy must inevitably be to throw thousands of employees out of work from the sheer necessity which it will impose upon people who have to pay this huge levy, with the consequent reduction of income, to reduce their establishments.

But the indirect effects will be of far greater importance. The sudden and enormous contraction of credit which will follow the extraction of 3,000 millions of cash or securities from the pockets of the people must inevitably involve a great reduction in the volume of trade and commerce, with a corresponding addition to the grave amount of unemployment already existing.

All this has already been explained in detail, but Mr. Clynes' article contains not one word in answer to this vital objection. Yet I am sure that he, of all men, cannot contemplate with any equanimity a great addition to the

ranks of our unemployed merely because, without sufficient thought and without sufficient knowledge of the working of our system of credit, the Labour Party has rashly committed itself to this expedient.

I must lightly pass over the point so often made, but never yet answered, that it is unfair and contrary to public policy for the State to select for special taxation those men who have led lives of thrift and have thereby been enabled to make provision for their old age and for their families, whilst leaving the spendthrift, who spends the whole of an equal or greater income, to go free.

I must also pass over the unfairness of fixing the exemption limit at so high a figure as £5,000, with the result that the self-interest of at least nine-tenths of the voters will be put in opposition to that of the remainder. If the principle of the levy is a fair one, it should apply in its degree just as much to a capital of £5,000 as to one of £50,000, and the fact that they should find it necessary to enlist the support of so large a proportion of the people, by exempting them from its operation, shows how little confidence the advocates of the levy have in the appeal to reason which it will make to the community as a whole.

I must not attempt here to deal with the enormous and costly administrative difficulties which the levy will involve. I can assure Mr. Clynes from my personal knowledge and experience gained as a lawyer, that the problem of the valuation of capital assets is not nearly so simple a proposition as he appears to think, and besides, amongst a whole host of other questions, there are the questions of settled estates, of annuities, of life policies, and of the capital of international firms and of British firms and individuals carrying on business abroad and in India and the overseas Dominions, a proper examination of which would occupy many pages of this REVIEW.

But these are not questions of principle, though they have a most important bearing upon the practicability of the proposal and upon the cost which it will involve, and I come, therefore, to what is, perhaps, the most important point of all.

It has been pointed out over and over again that the only real source from which any permanent improvement

of the conditions of our workpeople can come is the creation of new wealth and the adoption of means to secure the more equitable distribution of that wealth than occurred in the century during which our industrial system has been built up.

It is, I am convinced, an economic truth, which applies just as much between the individuals in any community as between nation and nation, that you cannot make any one permanently richer by making others permanently poorer. No one can, in any honest and legitimate enterprise, acquire wealth for himself without thereby benefiting the whole community. The true means for improving the conditions of our workpeople is, in a word, a process, not of levelling down, but of levelling up. That process can only be made effective by the creation of new wealth. How is that to be done?

We are now passing, owing to the condition of Europe, through a time of very slack trade and of consequent grievous unemployment, which entails upon us, from the merest motives of humanity, the obligation to provide something like 90 millions a year in unemployment doles. It is common ground between all parties that the effect of these is gradually demoralising our people. Yet, if we are to wait for the reconstruction of Europe and the recoupment of its purchasing power, no man can say how long the wait may be.

But surely, without waiting for so uncertain an event, there are other means to hand. At home we are, in many respects, far behind the times in our development. Take, as only two examples of this, the wasteful system of the distribution of coal all over the kingdom for electric power purposes, instead of supplying the power required from the pit's mouth. Take also the electrification of our railway systems. These are but two instances of many which could be cited, of work, which may not perhaps be immediately remunerative, but which has got to be done, if, say, five years hence, we are to find ourselves thoroughly well equipped to meet foreign competition.

Then, again, the resources of the British overseas Dominions are yet hardly scratched. Who can doubt that they are capable of enormous development?

Now, when there is so much distress and unemploy-

ment owing to slack trade, is the time to put these works in hand. I do not believe it is the proper function of Government in any way to interfere with the management of trade and commerce; such interference always has resulted, and always will, in reduced efficiency. But I can conceive no more proper function of Government in an industrial community than that of fostering industry and directing it into the most useful and hopeful channels. Far more could be done in that way than is being done to-day, but I must not stop here to consider the means by which it can be done.

I come now to the vital point in the relation of these considerations to a capital levy. A vast fund of capital will be required if these necessary works are to be undertaken, and yet the advocates of the levy are proposing, for all practical purposes, to cancel 3,000 millions of capital and the credit which is based on the existence of that capital, and thus to diminish for years to come the funds available for starting any new undertakings or enterprises. That capital cannot be found by the Government except by further borrowing, which from every point of view would be pernicious. But at a time when capital is shy, because the risks are great, Government can help by guaranteeing the interest upon it and applying the money, which they are at present devoting to doles to the unemployed, for that purpose. A vast amount of honest employment could be provided in this way, and we should thereby be enabled to build up, in slack times, undertakings which, properly and carefully examined and directed, could not fail to be a source in the future for the production of new wealth.

So little am I afraid of departure from some of the theories by which we have been governed in the past, that it would not frighten me in the least to see it become an established principle that, for the assistance which the community could give in this way through its Government to new enterprises, the community should be entitled to a fair share of the resulting profits. Such an arrangement would seem to me to be nothing more than a fair business bargain.

But whether some such system as I am advocating is adopted or not, it is as certain as anything can be that the

imposition of this huge capital levy, and the consequent contraction of credit, will be fatal for years to come to the extension of existing undertakings and the creation of new enterprises, from which alone increased wealth and additional employment for our workpeople can be obtained.

One more word and I have done.

When a gigantic experiment of this kind is proposed, it is just as well, before taking the leap, to see what other people's experience in the same field has been.

We know that in Switzerland the mere threat of a capital levy was sufficient to lead to the export of capital and to a heavy depreciation of securities, which might well have developed into something like a panic, had not the threat been removed by the wise action of her people.

But there are two other countries in which the experiment has been tried—Czecho-Slovakia and Italy.

With what result?

From all that I have been able to learn, in the first case the experiment has been anything but a success. The imposition of the levy resulted, so I am told, in several bank failures and in a largely increased number of bankruptcies. The amount collected under the levy has been most disappointing, and has not justified the experiment.

In Italy, so we are now told by an apparently well-informed Italian correspondent of the Leeds *Yorkshire Post*, the experiment has proved so disastrous to trade and commerce that the Government has found itself obliged to promise its early abolition.

One has also to remember that whatever evil effects have resulted in the countries which I have mentioned will be multiplied a hundredfold in Great Britain, which, in spite of the war, still remains the money market of the world, and is therefore extraordinarily sensitive to any violent measures of this kind.

By putting forward these revolutionary proposals—capital levy and nationalisation of industry—the Labour Party is alienating the sympathies of a large number of thinking people who are in deep sympathy with their ultimate object—the real betterment of the conditions of our workpeople—because they sincerely believe that nothing but disaster can come from them. At no time in our history have the minds of thoughtful men in all

classes been more attuned to the necessity of an honest and sincere attempt to bring about that betterment by means which, though of necessity they must be slow and gradual, will nevertheless be sure.

Is it the time to throw away that goodwill and the chances, which may never recur, of finding a true solution of this most difficult matter, which, for the health of our community, transcends in importance almost every other question?

And is it too much to appeal to the leaders of Labour thought at any rate to make a close and careful examination of all the objections which have been urged to their proposals with an open mind, and if they are convinced, as I cannot but believe they will be, that there is real substance in these objections and that they are not merely inspired by a desire to secure the maintenance of any unfair privileges attaching to any particular class, to abandon those proposals, and join with their well-wishers of all classes in seeking a more practical solution of our troubles?

Heavy indeed with be their responsibility, if, without such an impartial examination, they persist in their present proposals and find, too late, as they surely will, that they have plunged the workpeople of this country deeper into the mire. However good and admirable their motives may have been, they will afford no justification for staking their country's future upon the issue of a rash and hazardous experiment.

It is three years since I first suggested that the whole question should be submitted to a Royal Commission for expert examination, and I still believe that the educative results of such an examination would be immense and that it could not fail to show that such a levy as is proposed is not only impracticable, but would have disastrous effects upon trade and employment in this country.

The Folly of Feminine Franchise

By Anthony M. Ludovici

WHILE none of us can look back, except with feelings of pride and reverence, upon what England thought and did wherever she was face to face with the enemy in the late war; over what England thought at home, and particularly over what England did at home, during the years 1915 to 1918, many of us would, if only from sheer national vanity, prefer to draw a heavy veil. So much was said and done by the stay-at-homers which was ill-considered, hasty, emotional and foolish, that there is perhaps no pastime more humiliating to the Englishman of taste and discrimination than to peruse the newspapers published in his country during the war period. For they are at once the mirror and the spiritual pabulum of the minds of that public and those politicians who were responsible for the disastrous peace; who bungled the great task of reconstruction; who went deliriously mad over the armistice, and who with one accord worshipped the brazen calf, David Lloyd George.

The atmosphere was stifling. No bright flame could burn in it for two seconds at a stretch, and as for calm and wise deliberation, it was unknown. Everybody, whether he were a minister or a journalist, said just what suited his own immediate purpose, or flattered the stay-at-homers—chiefly women, of course. But, if the whole period was one marked by little independent or intelligent thought, it was towards the end of it—that is to say, during the years 1917 and 1918, that the full flower of stay-at-home opportunism and imbecility actually bloomed. Then the midsummer glory of the garden reached its apogee. Women were everywhere, and in preposterously superfluous numbers, everywhere. They were doing "war work"—meaning, that they had never felt so important:

they had never had such a good time; nor had they ever been so well paid for having such a good time.

There was one important department of Government where the tender masculine emotions awakened by the close proximity of a number of pretty and attractively dressed women was so overpowering that the very chief himself was known by the whole staff to be woman-ridden. Nor did anyone seem to understand fully how much of this "good time" that the girls admitted they were having was due to the enthusiasm felt by certain middle-aged and *passé* old gentlemen, who, freed from the competition of the millions of youngsters that were being "sacrificed" and "given" to their country by patriotic fathers and uncles, were enjoying unprecedented liberty of action among the sisters of the war heroes.

Women were doing munition work! That was the great fact that was dinned into one's ears on all sides. Why they should not be doing munition work when they were paid for doing it, and received far more than the common soldier, who risked his life at the Front, nobody ever attempted to explain. But one was supposed to reiterate this solemn fact with bated breath. Lyons tea-rooms during the winter of 1917-1918 were full of these smart munition workers. The present writer was introduced to a fair young lady at Covent Garden Opera, during a performance of *Louise*, who declared exultingly that although she had never earned a halfpenny before in her life, she was then making £8 a week! She loved it! In fact, there was so much prosperity among the women of the working classes, alone, that the marked decline in infant mortality was actually ascribed by the authorities to the inordinately improved conditions of working women's homes during the war.

To the man on leave from the Front all this was not concealed, although he saw only the surface. He realised clearly how be-womanised England had become, and he could also see how delighted the older men seemed about it; but deeper he did not attempt to go. The well-known chairman of one of our largest banks actually assured the present writer, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary which his younger subordinates were prepared to supply, that he preferred from the business standpoint to employ

girls rather than men in his vast concern! This was typical of the attitude of mind of all the old poultices who knew nothing of the Great War except the Roll of Honour which they perused at breakfast time, and the increased opportunities for female companionship which they enjoyed.

Now it was in this atmosphere steeped in emotionalism, sentimentality, excessive feminine influence, and abnormally stimulated senile ardour, that towards the end of 1916 * and the early part of 1917, there sat a deliberative body, known as the Electoral Reform Conference, charged with the duty of investigating the conditions of our electoral system.

Everybody at home was marvelling at the " wonderful work of the women," as if it were something to be wondered at, when the flower of the country's manhood were making the supreme sacrifice in their hundreds of thousands, and daily facing crippledom, blindness, and horrors of every description, that their mothers, wives and sisters should co-operate as far as possible in the industrial and non-combatant work of the country! Could they have done anything else? And were they not generously paid?

A purely sectarian movement, which had been repeatedly and severely snubbed by the whole country before the war, availing itself of the mood that had come over the stay-at-homers, began a systematic agitation, presumably calculated to anticipate and direct the deliberations of the Conference, and impress it with a false notion of the country's wishes. Letters began to appear under the auspices of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, in which one could almost hear the tremolo of the writer's voices as they referred to the " proved service of women to the State," and their consequent right to the franchise. The feminist Dons of our Universities, of whom, alas! we always have a good stock in hand, headed by the Bishop of Oxford, added their impassioned falsetto to the swelling chorus; and public men were found who, after three years of practical feminism in their public and private offices, did not scruple to support the movement.

At length the Electoral Reform Conference held its

* The Conference opened in October, 1916.

last sitting,* and published its conclusions. They were foregone conclusions. No other conclusions could have lived in the atmosphere then prevailing. By a majority they had passed a resolution in favour of the principle of woman suffrage! All the middle-aged and old women in trousers throughout the land intoned a song of thanksgiving; and determined voices, a little broken by tender emotion, began to demand that the resolution passed by the Conference should become law!

On every platform prominent public men now began to confess their altered views about the question of Female Suffrage. They ascribed the change to the war. The sight of the "women workers" had proved too much for them. A deputation was sent to the Prime Minister, in which, quite contrary to accepted principles, women who were Government officials were allowed to figure. (But they were all so charming—who could apply a harsh and antiquated rule in order to keep them out?) In vain did a few sensible people point out that the fact that women could be trained to make munitions, or to keep a ledger, or to run an ambulance van, had nothing whatever to do either with their ability or their desire to vote. The sentimentalists and gallant employers of female labour answered these sensible people by calling attention to the noble "self-sacrifice" of the female population. This became a universal cry. Indeed, so insistent did it become, that a number of women engaged in war work actually felt it incumbent upon them to remind the country in a memorial sent to the Lord Chancellor and the Press, that "the service of death dwarfed all other efforts."

Mr. Walter Runciman at the Queen's Hall roared forth the now popular tag: "The munition women have all earned the right to vote." Mr. J. H. Thomas declared that "if women were enfranchised they would prevent the repetition of another war of this kind." Sir John Simon, Bishop Welldon, and the Archbishop of Canterbury were also infected by the popular craze. The latter declared that the women should be given the vote "as a recognition of the part they were taking in our national life and civil administration." The most high-pitched note was struck by the National Union of Women's Suffrage

* On the 26th January, 1917.

Societies, which spoke of "the grave danger that the continued disenfranchisement of women will become when the problems of reconstruction are dealt with." And our afternoon tea-party Bishop, the Rt. Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram, K.C.V.O., D.D., LL.D., caught up and re-echoed this warning. (It would be interesting to know what these dear people think now, with their epicene reconstruction all about them!)

In the House of Commons on March 28th, 1917, Mr. Lloyd George, with his usual vulgarity and masterly ability for gauging what an atmosphere will stand, did not even scruple to draw invidious comparisons between men's and women's courage! Forgetting that male courage had certainly been rendered sacred by that time, hallowed as it had been by the river of blood that our young troops were pouring over the ramparts of the Western Front alone; forgetting, too, what his colleague Mr. Winston Churchill well knew—that no war could be more sanguinary and more brutal than the war of exhaustion, which at that time the struggle on the Western Front had become—this senile stay-at-homer dared to inflame public opinion in favour of Female Suffrage by alluding disparagingly to male courage! The incident he mentioned in the House may or may not have been true. At any rate, in March, 1917, when Englishmen had proved their undaunted bravery beyond question, and were still demonstrating it daily with their life's blood, it ill became this smug and glib politician, safely ambushed behind his old age, to dream of pandering to a momentary aberration of the national mind, by depreciating the acknowledged valour of a sex of which he himself was unworthy.*

In the discussion that followed in the House of Commons, when it was proposed to carry the Electoral Reform Conference's resolution into effect, very little intelligence was shown by either side. The best speeches were perhaps those of Mr. Burdett Coutts and Sir F. Banbury, both of whom deprecated the fact that this measure for the enfranchisement of women should have been sprung upon a moribund Parliament which had neither any mandate nor any qualification for introducing it. Mr. Asquith was one of those who, with a lump in his throat, admitted that

* See *The Times*, March 29th, 1917.

the sight of the "women workers" had entirely changed his views! As if he could not have beheld thousands of women workers before the war! The fact was, however, that the bulk of those who raised the cry about women's achievements consisted of young ladies who before the war had never done a hand's turn of useful work of any kind in their lives; and the spectacle of such people suddenly condescending must, we suppose, have had an unusually moving effect.

In the House of Lords Lord Loreburn, on January 9th, 1918, pointed out that not a single member of the House of Commons had been elected upon the question of Female Suffrage. He also asked: "Was it right that women should have the controlling voice in those things [peace and war] when men would have to bear an indescribably greater share of the sufferings that would follow?" (A very sensible and unanswerable question!)

The Earl of Selborne's reply to this was not only characteristic of the whole class of smug middle-aged stay-at-homers, who had never spent two minutes of their lives under German fire; but it was also typical of the sentimental pretences that were passing for wisdom in England at that moment. "What?" cried the noble Earl dramatically, "could the physical sufferings of a man be compared for one moment to the anguish of some of the mothers who lost their sons, or the wives who lost their husbands?" (We who have witnessed some of this "anguish"—which, however, in no case that came to our notice ever seemed permanently to destroy the particular woman's appetite—and who also witnessed the sufferings of the men at the Front, know which of the two was more severe.) But it must not be supposed that the Earl of Selborne's sentiments were regarded as in any way preposterous or absurd by the England which he was then addressing. In fact, if you had chosen, in that atmosphere, to argue that women's alleged "self-sacrifice" was greater than that of the men, thousands would have applauded you. It was a disgusting and clammy atmosphere, and we shudder to think of it as we write.

But enough of all this! Suffice it to say that early in 1918, under the Representation of the People Act, the franchise was extended to women when not a voice had

been raised in the country, except by sectarians and sentimental public men, in its favour. Certainly a number of peers did strongly recommend that the question should be put to the country before it became law; but no one heeded the suggestion; and thus it came about that a moribund Parliament which had prolonged its existence by its own initiative for eighteen months, thrust this revolutionary measure upon the country without any authority from the electorate.

True enough, it was the atmosphere that did it; but there can be no doubt also that if the body of people who disapproved of it, including hundreds of thousands of the best women, had only been able to keep pace with the break-neck speed of the agitators and puling politicians, it would never have become law, notwithstanding.

And this body of people still exists. In fact, in view of the results of our hermaphrodite reconstruction, which are apparent everywhere, and which in such futile nursery measures as Lady Astor's drink reforms, and the ridiculous Administration of Justice Bill, almost reach the apex of Anglo-Saxon stupidity, it is more than probable that this body is increasing hourly. To it belong all those who see a danger in the electorate having been increased by the addition of 7½ million of the more emotional, the least responsible and the least experienced sex (politically) to the register; and who cannot help feeling apprehensive concerning the inevitable consequences of these influences upon the internal and external policy of the Empire.

For, quite apart from the terrible alternative of peace or war, which may or may not arise in the future, and about which, in view of their immunity from war's sternest obligations, women ought certainly not to have any say, it is not sufficiently realised how completely women's domestic traditions, women's essentially family and nursery outlook, and, above all, their inability to take a general broad and far-sighted view of affairs, divorced from all petty considerations of immediate security, comfort and other advantages, unfits them for the assumption of any direct control in public affairs.

In the spring of 1921, out of 17,657,723 electors on the register, 7,475,106 were females. Large numbers of these women of thirty years and over were not even

married—that is to say they did not even enjoy those advantages of direction and guidance which in the most favourable circumstances may be said to mitigate somewhat the evil of the woman voter in our midst. And it is these unmarried women who form one of the greatest powers in England at the present day. They are a malignant power because they are bound by no responsibilities; they pursue an erratic course, directed entirely by their abnormal emotions and crazy outlook on life, because, in the first place, they are abnormal; secondly, because they are unguided, except by those whose advantage it is to mislead them; thirdly, because they are limited by no close family ties; and, finally, because in their frantic efforts to coerce their contemporaries into believing they are important, they shrink from no extreme, no enormity, in order to take up as conspicuous a place as possible in the world, and to interfere as drastically as they can with the social liberty of their fellows.

In America it is chiefly the women who have been responsible for the prohibition laws. Only lately we have heard that delegates representing 10 millions of them have been meeting in New York and pledging the whole host to vote next year only for "dry" candidates, for any and every public office, irrespective of *all other* political considerations. This is the kind of legislation we must expect: the rule of the nursery, where the married women are concerned, and, in regard to the spinsters, the rule that the social liberty of their fellows, and particularly of their fellow *men*, must be interfered with at all costs, in order to gratify that itch for meddling and for exercising power which to the old maid is the only compensation she can find for her shelved and unimportant position.

And to these two rules we were pledged in England at a time of great and unprecedented national stress; when all earnest thinking people still had their anxious eyes riveted on the front line trenches; when it was still a matter of grave doubt whether we should ultimately prevail in the death struggle in which we had become involved, and when the temper of the country, even if it had been asked, was not serene or sober enough to allow of effective concentration upon any other problem than that of defeating the enemy.

If it were only social liberty that was threatened, we might possibly shrug our shoulders. But can anyone contemplate the appalling conditions created by the Prohibition Laws in America, and argue that the limitation of social liberty, bad as it is, is all that there is at stake?

Never before in the history of the British people have the problems that confront us been more complex or more terrifying. To face these problems with any hope of successfully overcoming them, the modern politicians whom we know will certainly not prove sufficient. We want, as the present writer pointed out in these pages a few months ago, almost a new breed of men, a Masculine Renaissance; a group of men endowed with a vigour of intellect and will which would make all attempts at a comparison between the sexes a piece of transparent tomfoolery. But the place of these men, who might still be found, cannot adequately be filled by women; nor can the men themselves be successfully sought and elected by women. To mention women in connection with their duties and the powers they would need to discharge those duties effectively, is to solve the whole dilemma by a *reductio ad absurdum*. Let such feminists as our Bishop of London and Mr. Lloyd George continue to hope for a new and desirable world brought about by the action of women, or even with their co-operation. We, on the other hand, deeply conscious of the transcendent difficulties of the situation, and refusing indignantly to accept the low standards with which the Rt. Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram and Mr. Lloyd George are satisfied, can see hope and light ahead only if a new generation of men spring quickly to the helm. But they must be men beside whom no women could stand for one minute as equals, whom no women could possibly select, and who would make it one of their first constructive duties to repeal the female franchise clause of the Representation of the People Act of 1918.

[*We shall publish a rejoinder by Lady Frances Balfour, President of the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, in our December number.*—Ed.]

Lakshmi: Daughter of Kings*

A Sketch from Life

By Maud Diver

I.

It was early evening. She was putting the last touches to her toilet—the one serious business of the day: a deeper smudge of *kol* under her lashes; a brighter touch of red for the full lower lip. Then she sat pensive, mirror in hand, gravely debating whether to enhance the effect of her jade necklet with the new rope of pearls—her father's latest gift.

There was no resisting the pearls. They hung nearly to her waist and gleamed like a string of little moons on her brocaded bodice. A *sari* of palest green, with narrow gold border, fell loosely over her full skirt—indigo blue, like the sky at night. She had chosen her colours carefully for their meaning: green, for hope, in the new life foreshadowed by arrangements now in progress for her marriage; indigo, the dye that will never wash out, for constancy in love—should she win to favour with her unknown husband.

In her restricted world of the Inside,† no girl was chidden for frank delight in trinkets and jewels, in the contents of the great carven chest that held her all. Since waking from her noonday siesta, Lakshmi had spent an hour and more inspecting the contents of her own chest—fifty *saris*, twenty skirts, thirty bodices; muslins, silks and many-coloured embroideries; all laid out and smoothed and refolded by her maid and girl-companion, Sarani. There had been much fun and laughter over her final choosings; and now she sat alone, considering the result, turning this way and that her heavy round mirror set with uncut gems.

* Copyright, United States of America.

† The Zenana.

It told her she was beautiful; and she loved it for telling her so; even as she loved her own image, with a vanity as naïvely unashamed as the egotism of a child. She, that was fifteen, a woman grown, how should she not take pleasure in the golden tint of her skin, the gloss of her oiled hair, the softly rounded cheeks and aquiline nose, lips redder than coral, softer than rose-petals, and the cunningly enhanced lustre of her dark eyes?

It was the face of a true Rajputni; eyes and lips quick with fire and passion and pride of race. On the day when negotiations and wedding rites were ended, he, the unknown one, would at last behold it: and then, if eyes and her lips failed not, he would surely take no other to wife; he would set her like a seal upon his heart.

From Arjuna—elder brother and playmate—she had contrived to coax details about those impending negotiations, even about the Prince himself; details that Little Mother and Big Mother would never divulge, even if they knew them. While tradition and the heritage of centuries kept her outwardly submissive to grand-maternal authority, obedient to the letter of Hindu domestic etiquette, the venturesome spirit of her was neither submissive nor obedient; and in the main it was her father's own doing.

He—who loved travel and had fought for England in the Great War—had himself been her earliest teacher. And now, almost daily, when the ceremony of his dinner was over—he would send for her to read with him, in the outer apartments, where her mother rarely went and her grandmother never. Together they would read English stories of love and valour, passion and greed; or legends and heroic deeds of their own race—the fine flower of Indian chivalry, of kings who were soldiers and soldiers who were kings.

It was chiefly from the English tales and poems that she had gleaned ideas about marriage which would open the eyes of Big Mother. And from them no doubt came her bold, unorthodox craving to see, in a picture, the face of him to whom they would presently hand her over, unveiled and unknown.

Arjuna—most indulgent of brothers—had told her he was young and of good repute; a prince of moderate education, more given to sport than to books: son of a greater

chief than her father. And to Arjuna—who had met him in England—she had whispered, at last, her unmaidenly craving. Were there not photographs for which comely young princes had a notorious weakness? Could he not flatter his friend into giving him one, and secretly pass it on to her?

Arjuna, if scandalised, was soft-hearted. He had even been pressed into admitting that the thing might be done. And she had straightway commanded that it should be done—or she would hold him unworthy the name of brother.

He was away now, on a visit to the State of her would-be bridegroom, taking part in a great week of *shikar*, organised in honour of the young Prince from England. At parting, she had coaxed and pleaded, till he vowed "by the sin of the sack of Chitor" that he would not return without the coveted picture.

"And how if it does not meet with your approval?" he had teased her, brother-like. "What can *you* do in a matter altogether outside your province?"

And she—laughing at his simple masculinity—had replied: "I am neither a fool, nor a child, any more. Am I not a woman grown? You can leave that to me."

The days of waiting had seemed like weeks; but this evening he would return.

All had been arranged between them. Screened by a friendly battlement on her roof-top corner, she was to wave a hand, signifying her presence; and he, if successful, would raise his, in a particular manner, to the ornament in his turban. Then she would know. And thereafter he would come himself to deliver his trophy.

The mischievous thought intruded—what would Little Mother say, or Big Mother—high priestess of *dastur* *—did they dream of these bold-faced doings? The thought reduced her to a fit of girlish giggling; tempted her—almost—to tell the tale (as if it were of another) and enjoy the fun of hearing them "break the lightnings" over her head, never suspecting the truth. But dread of discovery sobered her. Big Mother had the serpent's wisdom hid in her cunning old brain. Besides, by now, Arjuna might be there.

Outside, up on her roof top, the battlements already

* Custom.

made broad strips of sun and shadow: and she, boldly advancing to the low wall, laid rosy, henna-tipped fingers on the warm stone that sent a queer thrill through her veins. No signs, yet, of the returning cavalcade.

Leaning farther forward, she looked down into the women's walled garden, cool and shadowed: stone paths and marble traceries, and the great tank where four fountains made sprays of dancing waterdrops. The splash and tinkle of their falling came distinctly to her ears. Now and then they danced higher, flashed in the sun like jewels of flame and green and gold; fell, and became again mere waterdrops, that pricked the still surface of the tank like a shower of pins.

Wide paths framed the tank; and beyond, in the garden among the orange-trees, all the roses of April were in bloom—crimson and creamy pink. Where the first blossoms had fallen the white stone path was flecked with little red splashes like blood. And beyond the Palace walls stood the greater walls of the City; and beyond the City lay the desert—wave on wave of lifeless sand; and out of the desert sprang the stark rose-red hills of Rajputana.

To her listening ears the quietness grew oppressive. Only that far tinkle of water and the familiar, ceaseless kuku-koo-ing of doves.

All these familiar things her senses registered automatically. Her thoughts were away with the truant brother, who delayed his coming.

Sounds at last, from the far side overlooking the courtyard: a confusion of hoofs and jingling harness and laughter of men.

As a bird runs, she skimmed across the roof-top, *sari* flying; flattened herself into the kink of a buttress, near an opening in the masonry—and peered cautiously through.

It was a stirring sight: horses, with gay saddle-cloths and bridle reins, tossing heads and swishing tails to brush away the flies; grooms running up, riders dismounting. And there, foremost among them, sat Arjuna, slim and erect, in the saddle with its royal trappings of scarlet and gold; a Rajput of the Rajputs; rider and warrior born, like all the best men of his race; men of princely temper,

of blended chivalry and ruthlessness, vanity and courage. He was laughing and talking, while, at the same time, looking up carelessly at a particular corner of the Palace wall. Through the slit in the masonry her fingers fluttered once. His went up to his turban.

In the shadow she stood and waited, hands pressed to her heart that fluttered in her body like a wild bird breaking its wings against its cage. Would he never have done with formalities of arrival, with tales of his own prowess?

Yes—at last!

He stood there before her, laughingly withholding her treasure, threatening to carry it straight to Big Mother.

Imperiously she flung out her small, clenched hands. "Give it me—*give* it, Arjuna-bhai. It is mine."

"Nay, it is mine!" he teased her; but he gave it—a full-length portrait, in the uniform of the great Maharajah's army.

With shaking fingers and eyes cast down, she held it, while he stood awaiting her lively comments—that came not, because of the strange tumult in her heart and body.

She had not dreamed how it would be—this new sensation, so swift and disturbing—she, who had never so regarded any unrelated man of her own race. The princely carriage of him, the fire of pride in his eyes that looked straight, straight into her own, till the trembling passed from her fingers to her limbs . . . and still no words would come.

"Art thou not satisfied, little sister?" Arjuna's voice reached her through a confused ecstasy of sensation. "Talk of betrothal is already afoot. The omens are favourable. It were folly——"

At that her eyes shifted to his face with their familiar twinkle of mischief; and her lips moved of themselves.

"I am satisfied."

Her voice sounded so calm that she could almost have cried out in surprise at her own hypocrisy.

And, with some jesting answer, he left her.

That night she could scarcely sleep for thinking of her picture. Every few minutes she must be slipping a hand under her pillow to make sure it was there. When the

moon rose and lighted the world, as if it were day, she must fling off her light covering and creep out on to the roof-top, to look and look and look at those unknown eyes that boldly gazed into her own; stirring within her, afresh and afresh, that first confused ecstasy, past understanding.

She had read in English stories and poems of feelings that invaded the heart through love; but those who wrote either did not know, or did not tell all that there was to tell. How should they? Such secret feelings were not for everyday speech, or for printed words. Had her gentle little mother, steeped in husband worship, ever felt this wild commotion in her breast? Towards morning she fell lightly asleep. On the instant of waking she remembered —and slid a hand under her pillow, foolishly fearful lest any should have stolen her treasure while she slept.

The photograph was still there.

II.

From that night onward she became a new creature, self-dedicated to one thought, one desire: keeping her treasure securely hid from all her feminine, chattering world.

No question of ought or ought not disturbed her passionate content; no qualms as to mild deceptions practised on those who would denounce and spurn her, did they guess that a daughter of their honourable house had brazenly looked even on the printed image of him she was to call husband. Surely none but a daughter of Rajputs would have so dared, even in these bold days. For of such were the women of her race: foremost for courage and heroism among the many nations of India.

So April passed.

Then one evening Arjuna came to her with a grave face; and there, alone upon the housetop, he told her how difficulties had arisen in the marriage arrangements, just when all had promised so well for a speedy conclusion of the close bargaining that is part and parcel of marriages in the East. The State astrologers, consulted as to propitious dates, had declared that the omens were favourable; that she, Lakshmi, would prove a model wife and bear many sons. Could the most exigeant Prince ask more?

"It is said," Arjuna told her, "that the Maharaja has

doubts whether our house is sufficiently exalted for connection with one of such ancient lineage as his own."

And Lakshmi, hiding the pain at her heart, retorted in anger: "Are *we* not also Sesodia—sun-descended? What lineage more ancient can they require?"

Arjuna shook his head. "That is but talk, little sister; a screen for the truth. Doubtless the holy men have secured a larger dowry from some wealthier state. Men prate of lineage, but they follow the chink of rupees as the cobra follows the snake charmer."

"And has my father no pride, no anger, for such insult to our house?"

"Canst ask? His face is darkened so none dare approach him. But to what end? Set the anger of a Rajah against the money bags of a *bunnia*—which will prevail? Money is master in these low caste days."

"Has the Prince himself no word to say in the matter?"

"It is reported that he marries to please his mother, being in no hurry to take a wife."

And Lakshmi—still hiding the pain at her heart—lifted her head a shade higher and answered not a word.

Later on, in the dark hours, she dropped bitter tears on the picture of him who had repudiated her—for all the rumours of her beauty and the favourable conspiracy of the stars. She had boasted to Arjuna that she was neither fool nor child in such matters; but against these far-off, unknown forces her pride and anger dashed themselves in vain.

And there was worse news in store.

On a certain evening, while she sat reading with her father, Arjuna came in with a letter from a cousin—one who had known Prince Dyan Singh at the Mayo College, and held a confidential post in the Maharaja's household. He wrote that all had been propitiously arranged for the Prince's immediate marriage to a child scarcely eight years old, a proceeding her own father—apart from personal reasons—was sufficiently advanced to disapprove.

For Lakshmi that cruel news held only one grain of consolation—the Prince could not yet take her to wife. For several years the child bride would still remain in her father's house.

And while the men talked, anger flamed in her; and the bitterness of disappointment and humiliation was like oil poured upon the flame.

Suddenly she stood up—hands clenched to hide their trembling, soft eyes flashing.

"Of what use to talk—you who are men? Shall there be such breaking of princely word, such insult to my father's house—and no retort, no demand that faith be kept with promises given?"

Father and brother were silent a moment; astonished doubtless, and shamed a little, by that challenge to their manhood from a mere girl.

Arjuna was angry also. His eyes gave back fire for fire; but her father spoke quietly, resting a hand upon her shoulder.

"It is easy for small people to make big talk, daughter of my heart. I, a Sesodia, swallow no insults to my house. I have long desired this union; but these matters rest chiefly with the marriage-makers. And when there is accord between the holy men and the Inside nothing can come of flinging fiery words."

Dearly she loved and honoured her father; but his quietness only angered her the more. In the madness of the moment, words broke from her—words unbecoming to modesty and daughterly respect.

Of what avail to be men, Rajputs and warriors? Women-ridden, priest-ridden—were they princes only in name? Rumour would spread abroad the news of her shameful rejection. She—daughter of Rajputs—was no doll, to be so lightly dishonoured. If she was but a woman behind the curtain, she had her pride and her wits. Let them wait a little and they would see——

Then—breathless, afraid of her own daring, still more afraid because of her secret—she turned and sped down the long, dim corridors, back to the Inside, to the sanctuary of her roof-top and the darkness spangled with stars.

It was many evenings before her father sent for her to read with him again. But her words were no empty boast. By some means, by any means, she would win him yet: she would reign supreme in his heart, in his palace—second wife or no. Were he the highest born Prince in all Rajputana, he should not so spurn the daughter of

Maharaja Rajendra Singh. Let them wait only a little! She would find a way.

For her, the waiting proved harder than for them; but while those hateful wedding ceremonies continued, even her impatience must contain itself.

Meantime Big Mother became voluble, urging her son to make fresh approaches elsewhere; or the girl would soon be too old for any right-minded man to look at her. *She* did not approve this crazy new fashion of waiting for betrothal till girls were old enough to fancy they had minds of their own, and to make trouble; disturbing, through the vagaries of personal desire, the ordinance of heaven executed on earth by priests and women.

Lakshmi, without question, had a mind of her own; and she made trouble so effectually that her father promised at last to speak for her, and entreat his old mother to have patience a little longer.

So, for a time, she ceased from troubling; but Lakshmi ceased not a moment from planning and plotting; wavered not a moment in her resolve to win that laggard one by the inverted method of the East—marry him first, and captivate him afterwards.

In the evenings, reading with her father, she would beg leave to close the book, and would talk eloquently of the promise that—for the honour of both houses—must be fulfilled; pricking his Rajput self-esteem to the quick, with the delicate barb of her woman's wit; still cloaking, with a brave show of pride and scorn, the hidden pain at her heart.

If Arjuna had his private suspicions, he said never a word. He was frankly her ally; do what she would. For she did not limit herself to upbraiding. Modern developments apart, the woman of Rajputana is more of an individual to be reckoned with than the majority of her kind. Wife and mother of warriors, she has the strain of heroism and adventure in her blood. To be strictly *purdanashin* is the hallmark of aristocracy; but, in temper and talent, Lakshmi was no mere "cage-bird." Her father, by giving her education, had put the golden key into her hands. She could not only read, but write fluently, both in English and in her own tongue. Wits and talents

alike she used without scruple to compass the desire of her infatuate heart. Talk of family pride might be on her lips; but within—pride itself, like all else, was burnt up in the fire that a pictured image had so swiftly and fiercely lighted in her breast.

She pleaded, she wrote, she intrigued, with the help of Arjuna, the faithful. All that a girl might do, she did—and more also. She insisted on re-opening negotiations, and, in effect, from behind the curtain, she guided them herself. The greater the difficulties, the higher her gallant spirit rose to meet them. She pressed into her service the old chivalrous Rajput custom of sending the bracelet, whereby a maiden might claim the knightly service of any man whom she honoured with her token—be it of gold and jewels, or a few strands of silk. And the man so chosen might refuse no service asked of him. He became, virtually, her knight and she his lady; though in this world the two might never meet face to face. The custom has lapsed with the lapse of war and its terrible emergencies; but the sending of the bracelet would still be honoured by any Rajput gentleman worthy of the name.

So Lakshmi sent her token to that cousin at the greater Maharaja's court, thus enlisting him also in the fulfilling of her purpose.

And all the while, none but Arjuna knew of the hidden photograph that had lit the flame of passion and kept it burning; that would not suffer her to rest till her will and her wits, surmounting every obstacle, prevailed at last.

From the great Maharaja came word that *if* pledges were deemed to have been given, they would be kept, for the honour of his house. After due consultation with his astrologers, the matter would be arranged.

That night, for the first time since the birth of her bold resolve, Lakshmi's pillow was wet with tears that shook her body and would not be stilled. For the first time her heart contracted with fear lest, after all, she had but snatched the husk of victory; lest, having won the husband, she should fail of winning the man. And she knew enough of life behind the Curtain to realise how bitter may be the portion of the unloved wife.

III.

Astrologers had decreed, at last, the auspicious hour. At last they two, bridegroom and bride, were seated together in the dusk of early evening, magnificently jewelled and arrayed. Side by side they sat, their right hands joined, a cloth of scarlet and gold held screenwise between their faces, till the given moment of beholding.

Lakshmi—the graceful, free-moving creature of the roof-top and the Inside—was weary already with the weight of gold-threaded brocades, of jewels that hung about her neck and arms and drooped from her delicate ears. Her head felt light and her hands chilled from the conflict of emotions following upon the long fastings and preparings decreed by custom for this supreme sacrament of marriage; of consecration and initiation; of ordered affection on one side, and disciplined wifely devotion on the other.

Before them were set symbolic images of their respective ancestors; mute reminders that marriage, for the true Hindu, is not vitally concerned with the pursuit of personal happiness or the fusion of passionate hearts. It is rather an ordained and sanctified union between two transient incarnations of the Great Spirit in a world of illusion—for the sake of continuing the family and the race, for the control of passions that hinder spiritual progress, and the begetting of sons who will eventually release the souls of their parents from the purgatory of duties unfulfilled. Thus each in turn serves each; and the chain of endlessly linked lives passes unbroken through the ages.

So preached the holy ones, steeped in wisdom of the Rishis; and so Lakshmi had been duly taught to believe. But the written word and the sacred decree were laid on beings of flesh and blood, who could not, always, believe themselves unreal creatures of illusion, dreams within a dream. Brahmans, in pursuit of holiness, might live as ghosts clothed in dust of actuality. Not so—to Lakshmi's knowledge—were the men of her desert race to be cheated of belief in life's legitimate joys: joys of battle and friendship and *shikar*, of passion and woman's charms. No lean and lank-haired ascetics, they; and by their warrior

caste they had won priestly sanction for a certain freedom in spiritual affairs. As dwellers in a world of reality, however transient, they had framed their own chivalrous code of honour and courage, coloured by their own manly impulses, hopes, and desires.

For Lakshmi herself—true child of the soil—the husband whose hand enclosed hers, in a purely formal clasp, was god and lord of her life; but he was also man, capable of strong, jealous devotion to the wife who could rouse and hold him. And in her eyes the sacredness of marriage was not less, but more, because the scarlet thread of love and passion was so closely twined with the golden thread of wifely worship.

So, during the days of prayer and fasting, she had dreamed, without false shame, of delights that for her were not all illusion: dreams tinctured with one drop of secret bitterness—the knowledge that her young husband had come to claim her, indifferently, if not unwillingly, at his father's bidding; concerned only to fulfil pledges said to have been given, so that none might impugn the honour of his house.

These facts Arjuna had gathered from Suraj, cousin and bracelet brother; and she, for all her brother's reluctance, had wormed them out of him bit by bit. Now her heart throbbed painfully, recalling them, while the wailing of horns, the mutter of tom-toms and the nasal droning of priests, chanting sacred texts, sounded confusedly in her ears; and astrologers consulted a primitive water-clock for the auspicious moment of revealing.

And he, who knew not a line of her face, never dreamed (how should he?) that every line of his own face was already dear and familiar to her eyes, had already lit in her veins the strange, new fire of passionate love. Could it ever have been thus, she wondered, in all the annals of Hindu marriage? Must she confess her unmaidenly daring? Would he forgive her when he knew?

At last—the auspicious moment: the cloth drawn away, her *sari* pulled back a little, a round mirror put into her hands. And she must so hold it as to catch the reflection of her husband's face. Not even now might she look on him direct, eyes meeting eyes, as her woman's heart desired.

But the kindly mirror brought him nearer; gave her

his living image—the proud glance under thick black brows; the curve of his peach-pink turban and the quiver of his jewelled plume; the nose, strong and manly; the trim moustache and the princely olive tint of his skin—not too brown, like common men. His mouth looked sullen, a little. Doubtless he was weary of fastings and prayings and ceremonies without end. At his eyes she dared not look, lest they reveal too clearly his indifference to the new-made wife.

He also held a mirror, and his glance into it was brief as her own. Had that glance waked a flicker of male curiosity—shifted, even a little, the dead weight of his indifference? Now Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune, look favourably on her name-child in this moment of moments!

At another sign from the holy ones they had arisen. Solemnly, hand in hand, they were pacing the seven steps round the sacrificial flame, thus consecrating their union, for this life—and beyond.

Then they halted; and she, standing before him, head bowed—*sari* closely drawn, heard for the first time his deep voice pronouncing the sacred, immemorial injunction: "O Bride! Give your heart to my work. Make your mind agreeable to mine. May the God Brahaspati make you pleasing to me in all things."

Words and voice alike lifted her heart as it were on a wave of mingled exaltation and dread, lest Brahaspati fail to hear, or to fulfil, the prayer that meant infinitely more for her than for him who uttered it.

And still his deep voice went on, repeating the solemn oath that bound him, on his part, not to transgress his marriage vow either for wealth or for love. And still, through the far mutterings of tom-toms, the wail of the conches wandered, now high, now low, like the crying of lost spirits that would not be comforted.

All was over: the interminable ceremonies within the Palace, interminable feastings in the courts without; largesse to priests and clamouring crowds; all the paraphernalia ordained by law and custom for the linking of two ephemeral beings in an unreal world.

Lakshmi—bride, but not yet wife—stood alone in an inner room, furnished mainly with chandeliers and gilt

mirrors, grass mats and brightly coloured cushions. Wedding finery exchanged for a simple garment of silk fibre, she had been happily occupied in preparing her lord's first meal; the supreme duty and pleasure of a true wife, whether she be steeped in the disciplined sanctities of marriage, or whether the dear illusion of love enters in.

Thereafter, the gown—sacred to that particular rite and to prayer—was discarded in favour of the shell-pink *sari* and the indigo skirt, in which she now stood awaiting her moment, when at last they two would meet and speak, as man and wife.

Should she straightway make full confession, demurely veiled—then fling back her *sari*, letting her face win pardon and more than pardon?

The daring idea tempted her a moment; only a moment. She had woman's wit enough to know that confession, after conquest, might flatter his vanity; while confession before conquest might fatally wound his pride. She had not staked everything and strained every nerve to reach this moment, only to risk failure by a false step at the last. Let him first see her face, hear her voice. Then—if he would not forgive all . . . ?

The door opened. He had entered.

Swiftly, instinctively she drew her *sari* over her face and stood before him, head bowed low in mute adoration, heart and pulses in commotion, as if a whole cageful of birds fluttered wildly within.

Then the deep-toned voice—deeper, manlier than Arjuna's—spoke his first husbandly command.

"O Wife, show me again thy face."

That one little word "again" was in itself a foretaste of triumph.

"King of my life, live for ever," came her whispered answer. Then, with lifted head and a graceful sweep of her arm, she drew back her *sari* and looked upon his living face! Bridal tremors and wifely modesties forgotten, she gazed deep, deep into his eyes, seeking one thing only—assurance of victory.

Gazing thus, entranced, she saw—and she knew; saw that the spell of her youth and beauty stirred in him the same emotion, swift as running flame, that his pictured

image had roused in her own breast; knew that from him she had nothing to fear any more.

Light-headed with fasting and endless ceremonies, faintness overpowered her. His transfigured face grew dim and wavered strangely. It was as if she were dying from excess of joy. Desperately she clung to the blurred and blissful sense of his presence, dimly she knew, as darkness enveloped her, that he had caught her in his arms to save her from falling; that he was holding her close against his heart——

In the Palace that evening all was disturbance and amazement. The bridegroom, it appeared, in one brief hour with his bride, had so swiftly caught fire from her beauty and her charms that, in defiance of correct princely procedure, he had straightway carried her off to his own tents.

And while tongues wagged and dependents feasted, and night flung, over all, her veil of darkness sown with stars, Lakshmi knelt at the feet of her new-made husband and told him all.

Tremulous at first, she gained courage with the telling; courage that reaped reward beyond her wildest dreams.

He had no word of blame for her unmaidenly boldness; only wonder and a great pride.

Never, in all the annals of Rajasthan, he told her, had any Prince of the blood been in like manner wooed and won. For the child-wife, taken at command of his mother, he had no thought any more. She, whom he delighted to honour, would be queen of his Palace and himself. He would set her like a seal upon his heart; content that, in all things, she should be ruler, no less than loving servant of her Prince.

Is the League of Nations a World Court or a World Club?

By Stéphane Lauzanne

Editor-in-chief of "Le Matin"

My first and last interview with Lord Robert Cecil, early in 1919, will remain one of the most pleasant recollections of my journalistic career. It took place in Paris. The Peace Conference had just opened, and no one knew what it might engender, particularly with regard to a League of Nations. Was the League to be part of the Peace Treaty? How was it to function? Was it to be a hare or a hound? Nobody knew the answer to these questions; but all knew that Lord Robert Cecil was among the most enthusiastic priests of this new idol.

I went to see him at the headquarters of the British delegation, where he had his office. He welcomed me in the pleasant manner so characteristic of him, which adds to the natural charm of his personality. Our conversation immediately took up the question of the League's future, and Lord Robert asked me what the French thought of it.

"They consider it," I replied, "in the shape of a great club, where representatives of the nations of the world may meet at a certain fixed time of the year; and where they will learn to know each other, and thereby understand each other's aims and aspirations. The delegates will listen to lectures that will inform them of world movements and events. They will co-operate for some useful purpose and leave the meetings impregnated with an atmosphere of good humour and good will that cannot but have its repercussion on general world relations."

Lord Robert seemed to be horrified with the idea I had sketched. "A club!" he exclaimed. "Are you talking seriously? The League must be something much higher and nobler. It must be the World's Supreme Court."

He developed his thesis with heat, eloquence, and clearness. "The world," he continued, "is sick of quarrels and wars. Does a civilised nation permit its citizens to obtain justice by fighting in the street? Why, then, should the civilised world tolerate that nations obtain justice by fighting on the seas or on the earth? The hour has come to end this state of affairs once and for all. It is necessary to create a Supreme Court of International Justice, before which all cases may be brought and settled."

I asked Lord Robert what material force could be put at the disposition of such a court in order to enforce its decisions.

"No material force at all," he replied. "It won't need any. It shall act as the conscience of the world. That will be sufficient. Moral forces are always superior to physical forces."

I objected that the French, who ever mix logic with idealism, could never concur in such lofty reasoning. They had just had before their eyes the vision of four years during which terrible crimes had been committed against humanity and justice; yet the moral force of the "world's conscience" had been totally inadequate to repress the crimes or to punish the criminals. If it had not been for the physical force of thousands of big cannons made in England and in France; and if America had not come forward with a million stalwart sons, and the most magnificent war material yet seen, Belgium would have been suppressed, France enslaved, and England humbled. A court of justice in every civilised nation of the world has at its disposition a police force, or at least a sergeant-at-arms. A policeman well in evidence has something more than merely his moral force to repress crime in the streets—he has his physical force, to which he often adds a revolver of the latest model.

Lord Robert Cecil listened gently and attentively to my prosaic argument; but I failed to convince him—just as he had failed, with his high idealism, to convince me. We separated in a friendly manner, after we had done a great deal of talking; but neither of us had very much understood the argument of the other.

The Peace Conference went on, and the same misunderstandings that had separated Lord Robert Cecil and

myself continued to separate the Anglo-Saxon and French negotiators, when the famous covenant was drawn up. M. Léon Bourgeois, who was the spokesman of France, recently told me of the dramatic struggle that he had been forced to carry on for three months, in which he had finally gone under.

" Nobody," he said, " believes more than I do in moral forces. But when moral forces have failed, physical forces must be resorted to. The essence of justice is that, when a sentence is rendered in court by a judge, it must be respected and executed. Otherwise it is not justice. . . . From the very beginning of our work on the League Commission, I defended this thesis. I did not ask that the League should have an army, a navy, or cannons. But I asked that it should envisage the possibility, in case its authority met with defiance, that it may have recourse to force. Finally, I made the following proposition:—'*A permanent organisation shall be constituted that shall foresee and prepare military and naval means of executing obligations imposed upon the high contracting Powers by the present covenant, and shall insure its own immediate efficiency in all urgent cases.*'

" I immediately encountered almost unanimous opposition from all delegates, President Wilson and Lord Robert Cecil being in the forefront of my contradictors. They argued that if it was considered necessary to employ force in order to cause nations to respect their engagements, it was merely a question of substituting international militarism for national militarism. I did not insist on formulas, which could not be negotiated, but on my general idea, which seemed reasonable to me—the necessity of sanctions. The debate lasted about three months. Finally my proposition was voted on and rejected by 12 to 2. Only one nation—Czecho-Slovakia—voted with France. All the other nations represented voted against the proposition. Yet none of them proposed a text to replace my own, for none of them admitted the principle I had defended. I was outrageously beaten."

France was, of course, beaten with M. Léon Bourgeois. Her conception of the League, therefore, underwent a considerable change. No Frenchman can conceive a court without a policeman. Yet every Frenchman can conceive

a club without a police force. Moreover, the prevailing sentiment in France for the League is neither that of enthusiasm, such as may be found in certain quarters abroad, nor that of hostility, such as noted in other quarters. One never becomes very enthusiastic nor very hostile with regard to a club. The prevailing sentiment in France is tepidity with regard to the League. Nobody in France discusses the League very much; nobody in France places any great hopes in the League; yet nobody in France wishes to harm the League. It is considered much like the birds that the farmer tolerates over his fields of grain. He knows well enough that these birds can never stop a hail-storm; but he also knows that they eat the insects that may damage his grain.

Now let us see how far the events of the past three years justify French public opinion.

In four cases, the League of Nations had been called upon to act on serious divergences between members—once between Bolivia and Chili; a second time concerning Vilna; a third with reference to Upper Silesia; and lately in the quarrel between Italy and Greece.

One day, in September, 1921, Bolivia bitterly complained against Chili before the Assembly of the League. "Our country is as large as France," its delegate pointed out pathetically, "yet, because of a treaty imposed upon us after our defeat of 1883, we are in a state of semi-dependence. We are cut off from the sea; and in view of the fact that Article 19 of the pact states that '*The League from time to time may invite its members to proceed to a new examination of treaties that have become inapplicable*,' we ask for a revision of the treaty that has been imposed upon us."

Chili objected on the ground that one couldn't continually revise treaties. Furthermore, it added with some ability, the Monroe Doctrine did not permit the League of Nations to intervene in the quarrels of the various American States.

Seized with respect and terror at this invocation of the Monroe Doctrine, the League immediately put the question into the hands of a Commission, which has been careful about formulating an opinion; and for the past two years Bolivia has not as yet been able to obtain a reply.

With regard to Vilna, claimed by Lithuania, and annexed by Poland, the attitude of the League has been even more ridiculous. M. Paul Hymans, the Belgian statesman, who was charged by the League with the arbitration of this *différend*, rendered three successive judgments, none of which have been executed, the Lithuanians taking in his decision that part which served their purpose, and refusing to adhere to that part which displeased them. The Poles did the same. For two years the League endeavoured to conciliate the enemy pleaders, with no results. Finally, on March 14th, 1923, the Council of Ambassadors sitting in Paris traced the eastern frontiers of Poland, and attributed Vilna to that country. That was the end of the dispute. All the merit for this goes to the Council of Ambassadors, otherwise the debate might still have been continuing at Geneva.

The case of Upper Silesia is practically the only one wherein the decision of the League of Nations was strictly and immediately adhered to by the appealing parties, Great Britain and France. It is therefore the case of which the League is most proud. Now, whenever anyone casts any doubt on the authority of the Geneva Assembly, he is immediately confronted with the Upper Silesia decision. "Don't forget," one is told, "that the League solved the problem confronting the world in Upper Silesia." But, in all honour, one may still point out that any other arbiter might have settled it in a like manner. If, instead of appealing to the Council of the League of Nations, France and Great Britain had appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, or to the Pope, they might have no doubt obtained a similar verdict; and they might no doubt have bowed before the decision of the Supreme Court of America, or of the Pope, just as they had bowed before the decision of the Geneva Council.

Last, but not least, we have had the conflict between Italy and Greece. I happened to be in the audience when, on September 5th, the affair was brought up before the League. A public that was both ardent and nervous filled the assembly room. The air was fairly saturated with feverish passion. The emotion of the audience reached its heights, after it had heard M. Salandra plead the cause of Italy, and M. Politis that of Greece. Lord Robert

Cecil rose. A strange light burned in his eyes. With impressive solemnity, he asked that the articles of the pact be read. He then added: "If the treaties are not observed, Europe no longer exists." A shudder passed through the galleries, and the reporters stopped writing, to applaud. Women stood up and acclaimed the speaker, waving their handkerchiefs. But, for my part, I could not help but think that there were in the Peace Treaty many other articles that are now dead letters. There is, for instance, Article 226, which states that: "*The Allied and Associated Powers publicly accuse William II. of Hohenzollern of supreme offence against international moral and the sacred authority of treaties. A special tribunal shall be constituted to judge the accused. . . .*" This was signed by twenty-seven nations. The article has never been observed; yet Europe continues to exist.

In fact, I had never had so little an impression of a Court of Justice as I had that day of September 5th, 1923, when the League of Nations wanted to render justice. Both the jury and the audience were agitated with too much passion. In order to render international justice, just as in the rendering of justice in an ordinary criminal case, a more serene atmosphere and less noise is necessary. It is necessary to feel that politics is not planing over the Court. It is also necessary that an inflexible jurisprudence exist upon which the judges may lean with authority. Now, the Geneva Court has no definite rule of judgment and its attitude may vary according to time, circumstances and pleaders. One cannot, for instance, help being struck by its indifference towards events in the Near East in 1921 and 1922. At that time the whole of Asia Minor was a prey to fire and sword. Fighting was taking place along thousands and thousands of miles. Whole provinces were devastated. Towns were burning. Thousands of human beings perished. Greece threw herself headlong into the conquest of an immense territory. What did the League of Nations do then? Nothing. What did the conscience of the world say? Nothing. Not once did a debate on the subject arise in Geneva. And, when one goes through the records of the discussions of the World's Assembly, one sees with stupefaction that the only sensational initiative that the League of Nations

thought proper to take in the Near East was to create an inspection of the harems!

This explains why, to-day, the immense majority of Frenchmen are little disposed to consider the League of Nations as the World's Court of Justice and as an organisation to insure peace. In one particular circumstance—the war in Asia Minor—the Court remained strangely deaf and dumb, doing nothing to insure peace. In the four cases brought before it for judgment, in the first (the case of Bolivia and Chili) it failed to render any decision at all; in the second (the case of Vilna) and in the fourth (that of Corfu) it failed to conciliate the pleaders, and was forced to place them in the hands of the Council of Ambassadors in Paris. It was only once—in the case of Upper Silesia—that it succeeded. But anyone would have succeeded, as the adverse parties had decided to submit the question to arbitration. Even then we assisted at a rather extraordinary spectacle: that of one of the judges—the Spanish arbiter—refusing to take the responsibility of delivering the sentence, and passing his pen to another judge—the Japanese arbiter.

No; let us rather look upon the League of Nations as a club. It may be a club in the high sense of the word. It may be a club where great and noble problems are discussed, and where countries separated by natural distance may learn to know each other, and thereby to come to a better mutual understanding. How many personal susceptibilities may be smoothed out by the mutual relations brought up in a club! What useful arrangements can there not be made through the medium of a club!

At the same time, the club should not be run at too high a cost. The actual cost of the League of Nations seems to be unusually high. Expenses for the present year, 1923, alone amounted to £1,000,000 in round figures, which could be divided as follows:—

Secretaryship of the League	£600,000
High International Court of Justice	72,000
International Labour Organisation	328,000
Total	£1,000,000

The *personnel* of the League Secretaryship has grown to formidable proportions. In 1920 the League's budget

provided for one general secretary, one assistant secretary, two under-secretaries, and eleven chiefs of sections, as well as several employees, comprising in all about thirty people. In 1923 the budget provided salaries for 480 persons. These salaries are rather high. It is thus that the general secretary receives an annual salary of £7,000; the assistant secretary, £4,000; the under-secretaries each receive £1,000; and so on. To take but a single item, the League library alone employs eighteen people: that is, one chief librarian, twelve assistant librarians, two stenographers, two copiers and a messenger boy. And in Paris, the Arsenal Library, containing 800,000 books and receiving 30,000 readers every year, carries on its service with twelve employees, whose remunerations are nothing like the salaries paid in Geneva.

The same may be said of the International Labour Organisation, which includes a Board of Directors (15 persons), a Research Section (74 persons), a Diplomatic Section (49 persons), and a News and Information Section (89 persons). And the office expenses alone amount to £60,000 yearly.

The budget for 1924 will be compressed. But will it be sufficiently compressed? Could it not be further compressed? Should not the Superstate give the example of economy to the ordinary States? And how can the ordinary budgets be balanced, if the super-budget is not balanced?

The "Road Away From Revolution"

By J. O. P. Bland

To a favourite nook amongst the sand-dunes of an estuary on the Cornish coast, one afternoon in August, I had taken the ENGLISH REVIEW. In its peaceful seclusion I had read Mr. Woodrow Wilson's "Road Away from Revolution," and was meditating on the invincible idealism revealed by this latest *ex cathedra* message to a world in sore travail. One phrase in particular, "the salvation of civilisation," stood out with irritating insistency against the background of catchwords and formulæ which distinguishes the political idealism of those who, like the ex-President, seek refuge from the grim realities of existence in a visionary world of their own creation. The "salvation of civilisation"! How richly the phrase rolls off the tongue! What a vision it conjures up of a world finally redeemed from strife and suffering by the triumph of phrases over facts, when "the greatest of democracies" shall have faced and accomplished "the supreme task of making the world safe against irrational revolution." As comfortable a vision, forsooth, as that formerly vouchsafed, of a world regenerate by virtue of the gospel of "self-determination"; of that New Era, in which a League of Nations, inspired by genuine altruism, would "prevent the domination of small nations by big ones," and each be left to work out its own destiny with the benevolent sympathy of all its neighbours.

"The nature of men and of organised society," says Mr. Wilson, "dictates the maintenance in every field of action of the highest and purest standards of justice and of right dealing." Furthermore, with regard to the supreme task of saving civilisation, its conception of justice "must include sympathy and helpfulness, and a

willingness to forgo self-interest in order to promote the welfare and happiness of the community as a whole." Finally, he declares that " civilisation can only be saved by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit."

Lying in my eerie of warm sand, I found myself meditating on the curious fact that these winged words of uplift should emanate so eloquently from our good cousins overseas who, in other respects, remain so benevolently but firmly aloof from the cares which infest our post-war days.

It was the drowsy siesta hour of a glorious summer's day, and looking out over golden sands and sun-steeped headlands to far horizons, where blue sea and sky were gathered to a single tone, one could almost find it in one's heart to sympathise with the inspirations of Wilsonian idealism, with the state of mind which refuses to face the grim mystery of the eternal struggle for existence and believes that God's beautiful world must have been intended to be the habitation of human beings for ever happy and free. Over across the estuary, there was a gay fluttering of flags on the wharves and hillside streets of Padstow, celebrating its summer carnival, and below the dunes, where the ferryboat lands its passengers, the foreshore was lined with groups of happy holiday folks. Their voices, and the laughter of children playing on the sands, blended with the fitful strains of a Salvation Army band on the further shore. In my secluded coign of vantage, the south-west wind, warm with the breath of the Gulf Stream, came whispering through the grey sea-rushes and the thrift, while overhead, quite close, the keen-eyed gulls went slowly by, gliding in lovely lilting curves, with snow-white wings that gleamed in the sunlight like burnished metal. Flitting 'twixt thistle-tops and gorse, a pair of talkative stonechats were taking a respite from domestic cares; and in the lee of a bramble thicket, on a cushion of sea-pink, two young rabbits were performing a leisurely toilet.

The time and place were such that even the most sophisticated of wayfarers might dream roseate dreams and see new visions of the Promised Land: might bring himself to believe in the possibility of recovering Arcady,

if not of discovering Utopia. "We are all as wind and waters make us," and on this summer's afternoon they certainly combined to induce the state of mind in which one could contemplate Mr. Wilson's millennium, if not with the eye of faith, at least with one of sympathy. Under the kindly tutelary influences that hovered round and about the old Cornish fishing town, the "salvation of civilisation" gradually assumed a new and less irritant aspect. One felt drowsily disposed to "divorce old barren Reason from one's bed" and to welcome this Elysian vision of eternal harmony. And yet, and yet . . . how were the idealists going to arrange that everyone should get three meals a day and each his fair share of sunshine and laughter? As I lay thus meditating on the eternal gulf which divides the philosophers from the prophets, and on Mr. Wilson's conception of "the nature of men and of organised society," suddenly into my range of vision there swept a kestrel. For a few moments he hovered overhead, motionless on invisibly beating wings, a thing of beauty—and yet the very symbol of swift doom incarnate. As he hung there, like a poised dart against the blue, the cheerful gossip of the stonechats ceased, the young rabbits ran to shelter in the bramble thicket, and my vision of Utopia, with all its fairy palaces and fields of asphodel, faded like snow upon the desert. That murderous bunch of feathers, beak and claws was a grim reminder of the eternal reality of the mysterious and unalterable law, which decrees that all life upon this perplexing planet exists at the cost of other lives.

. . . . . .

Over the crest of the dune a youth came sauntering, who bade me good-day in the fair-spoken Cornish way. I recognised him as one whom I had sometimes seen caddying on the links—a well-grown lad, evidently country-bred. He stopped close by my lair, and, shading his eyes with one hand, gazed across the tide to the moving crowds on Padstow's quay and the hillsides beyond.

"Going over to see the Carnival show?" I asked.

He turned and looked at me with an expression in which jocularity was tempered with native wariness. He was evidently not quite sure whether my question was the outcome of pardonable ignorance, or of a misplaced desire

to be funny at his expense. At all events, he parried it with another: "Why should I be going over there?" (I make no attempt to reproduce the Cornish speech.) "'Tis a foul, dirty place."

I had frequently heard similar feelings similarly expressed by other dwellers on the Rock shore of the estuary, but had never been able to elicit any reasonable explanation of the hostility thus displayed. Here, I thought, was a good opportunity to try to get at the root of the matter—perhaps to learn of some picturesque, atavistic feud handed down from one generation to another by the smugglers or wreckers of bygone days, like the vendettas of Corsica.

"What's the matter with Padstow?" I asked. "It seems a decent enough sort of place."

Scorn was writ plain upon his rustic features as he answered: "For them that likes it, maybe. But 'tis a foul place, all the same, and 'tis a dirty crowd that lives there."

"Why—what have they done?"

"Never any good; you can reckon upon that! Anyway," he concluded over his shoulder, "I'd rather die on this side than have to live over there, and anyone will tell you the same." With which, whistling an old Wesleyan hymn tune, he passed on his way.

Thinking it over, I recalled to mind that Hudson, kindliest of philosophers, says somewhere in his *Land's End* that small communities in Cornwall are more unfriendly and spiteful towards each other than is the case with English villages; and he consoles himself with the reflection that this spirit of uncharitableness, being universal in mankind and part of our nature, "probably has its uses"—uses pre-ordained, no doubt, like the kestrel, parts of a sorry scheme of things inscrutable. But with my rustic Chauvinist faded the last glimpse of the fair land of Arcady, evoked out of sunlight and blue waters by Mr. Wilson's vision of civilisation saved by universal altruism. Now, from this little Cornish town, my thoughts went out into the World of Things as They Are, wherein, since the sources of time, men have gone to their graves like beds, because of instinctive hatreds and rivalries, that are part of our human nature. I saw this overcrowded planet, in the years to come, with its inevitably increasing struggle

for the necessities of bare existence. I thought of France, resolved as a matter of life and death to prevent Germany from recovering her national strength; of Russia, striving to involve all Europe in her own red ruin; of India, threatened with the passing of the Pax Britannica and the fierce strife of Hindu and Moslem; of America, hastening to attain by naval strength to the mastery of the Pacific; of China, where the only genuine pacifists on earth are being slaughtered like sheep by predatory wolves of their own breeding.

Mr. Wilson is by no means blind to the perilous realities. "Unless," he says, "everything we have built up is presently to fall in ruin about us," civilisation must be "redeemed spiritually," and this, his last word, he utters as "a final challenge to our Churches." But methinks these church-going Cornish folk, like many others of the elect, are fair examples of the type of Christian spirit which fiercely resents any attempt to convert it from without—fair samples, too, of the rank and file of "the Church militant here on earth," which, throughout the ages, has blessed the myriad banners of contending hosts. If Mr. Wilson and those who think with him do really believe that civilisation can be saved in this way, and in no other, then surely it behoves them to evolve some definite, practical scheme, by which "our Churches, our political organisations, and our capitalists" shall proceed with the supreme task of universal spiritual redemption. In the absence of any definite constructive scheme, his latest message does not carry us far on "the Road Away from Revolution."

Queensland at the Cross-roads

By Justitia

THE position of affairs in the State of Queensland, as revealed by articles and letters which have recently appeared in the London Press, continues to excite a good deal of interest and speculation. It is generally felt that all is not well with the State, and yet the man in the street might find a difficulty in attempting to explain just why such a feeling should be. He is possibly aware of the advanced nature of the political views held by members of the present Queensland Administration; he may even recall some of the harsh things he has heard and read concerning the Queensland Government during the last few years: charges of bad faith, of repudiation and of confiscation on the one hand; and evasive replies, indignant denials and bitter countercharges on the other. Such charges and countercharges reappear in the Press from time to time, but since no explanatory statement is forthcoming, fulminations at last die down, recriminations cease, the issue is once more befogged, and the judgment of the man in the street is perforce again suspended. This cycle of phenomena might well be left to recur at fitting intervals were it not for certain considerations which intrude themselves with increasing cogency, and impress the public mind with the urgent necessity for clearing the moral atmosphere and putting an end to a position not only thoroughly bad in itself but liable at any moment to become indefinitely worse. These considerations involve (1) the principle of the sanctity of contract; (2) the justice of righting a wrong; and (3) the expediency of re-establishing confidence in the State. Stripped of all the side issues—chiefly political—with which from the beginning it has been encumbered, the main issue stands forth unequivocal and clear. It is a charge of bad faith, involving breach of contract, against the Queensland

Government; and it dates from the passing of the Land Act Amendment Act of 1920.

It is not necessary here to refer in detail to the Land Acts which have from time to time defined the relationships in which the pastoral lessees have stood to the Queensland Government; nor to inquire whether on the whole such lessees have been generously treated by the Government or not. Still less is it needful to explore the larger problem as to whether, by the passing of the Land Act Amendment Act of 1920, the Government acted in a manner best calculated to advance the interests of the State; or whether, by so doing, they made good the deficiencies of previous Acts by requiring a more reasonable measure of rent from the pastoral lessees. Not one of these avenues of inquiry is relevant to the point at issue, and yet by the discussion of such problems as these has the public attention too frequently been diverted from the essential point.

To establish the charge of bad faith it is necessary to show (1) that the Government entered into contracts with the pastoral lessees; and (2) that these contracts they subsequently broke. In order to do this, reference must be made to the Land Acts of 1902, 1905 and 1910, and to the obnoxious Act of 1920—now commonly known throughout Australia as the Repudiation Act. The Land Acts of 1905 and 1910 contained a clause authorising the Land Court to make decennial reappraisements of the pastoral holdings and, at its discretion, to raise the rent of any such holding by as much as 50 per cent. of the existing rent—but no more. This clause, known as the Rent Limitation Clause, was a vital condition of the contract of lease, and constituted the lessee's sole safeguard against the unrestricted raising of his rent from period to period. Under the provisions of one or other of these Acts a contract in specific terms was entered into with each pastoral tenant and grazing lessee. The contract was in writing, and embodied the conditions set out in the respective Act. The lease was executed by the Governor of the State—who appended his signature to it, and handed it to the lessee. It was a contract entered into between the lessee and the Crown over the signature of the Governor, and it provided that the decennial increase in rent could not be

more than 50 per cent. of the rental of the previous term. So far, so good.

In due course, however, and after a prolonged period of travail, came the Land Act Amendment Act of 1920. The birth throes of that Act, and the expedients and contrivances that were employed to get it through, need not detain us here—any more than the discussions on ethical, legal and constitutional grounds to which its advent gave rise. Suffice that it passed and became law—and that it specifically excluded the Rent Limitation Clause from all leases! The immediate effect of that vital omission was that the lessees who had already secured their leases under the Acts of 1902, 1905 or 1910 discovered that their safeguard against the unrestricted raising of their rent was thereby blown to the four winds! Nor was that all. The 1920 Act was made retrospective, in many cases going back to 1914, thus adding a further injury to those lessees who, believing in the good faith of the Government, had come in under these Acts. For under the new Act the holdings of these lessees were reappraised as from the beginning of the current decennial period, their rents were in many cases raised far above the 50 per cent. limit which they had contracted for—in certain instances several hundred per cent. —and, in addition, they found themselves with heavy arrears, at the higher rental, still to pay! Incidentally, moreover, and by implication, they were deprived of their right to compensation from the Government in respect of certain moneys which they had expended in the improvement of their holdings.

Such are the salient facts adduced in support of the charges against the Queensland Government. There is no gainsaying the facts. They remain in spite of attempts to explain them away; in spite of distortion, misrepresentation and quibble; in spite of prevarication and hyperbolic display. And upon them the charges would seem to be substantially founded. That being so, and the Queensland Government continuing in impenitent mood and seemingly unconscious of the fact that they have violated the basic law of Society, it is pertinent to review the situation in the light of these circumstances and to endeavour to indicate the course whither they are trending.

The considerations which naturally force themselves

are these. The Government have ruthlessly broken their contracts with an important section of the Queensland community. That they had been scheming and planning to do so for several years, the record of their legislative proposals and failures sufficiently proves. Add to this the knowledge that the pastoral interest in Queensland is regarded in Government circles as Capitalist enterprise, and that the Government is a Labour Government with strong communistic proclivities, and we see in this revolutionary legislation something more than a mere "robbing of hen-roosts." And the questions naturally arise: What is the next Capitalist "hen-roost" the Government are likely to turn to to rob? If they maintain their right arbitrarily to break their contracts of one class, is there any reason to suppose that they will shrink from breaking their contracts of another class? At what expedient of repudiation are they likely to call a halt? Can we be sure that the instinct of political self-preservation is sufficiently developed to prevent them laying marauding hands, for instance, on money loaned to the State? The standpoint they adopted in regard to the pastoral leases was that, as the Government of a sovereign State, they had a right to amend or to repeal any Act without reference to existing contracts. In view of this doctrine it is difficult to see what considerations should avail to stay their hands, save only those of expediency—and expediency is a relative term, and not absolute. And what it may be inexpedient to do to-day it may very easily become expedient to do to-morrow!

Considerations of this character assume an enhanced significance in view of the present and future financial requirements of the State. Queensland is a vast country of unlimited potential resources; but she requires development, and development can be accomplished only through the unrestricted employment of capital. Queensland is already a debtor State. The many millions she has received—and spent—were lent to her in virtue of the confidence her Governments enjoyed in the eyes of the world. Where is that confidence now? Where is it likely to be, so long as those responsible for her destinies persist in the view that contracts may be broken at their pleasure?

In the course of an article which he contributed to the *Labour Magazine* for September, the Premier of Queensland—Mr. E. G. Theodore—makes reference to certain "reform measures," including the increase of rentals on the large pastoral holdings, which, upon their introduction, evoked the cry of repudiation and confiscation, and proceeds as follows:—

> During 1920 this cry was taken up afresh in London, when the Queensland Government in that year attempted to launch a loan in the City for development purposes. The Government was pointedly informed by the City magnates that there would be no money in London for Queensland unless it repealed what they regarded as "obnoxious" legislation. The Government declined to yield to London coercion, and since 1920 has raised its external loans in New York.

Mr. Theodore omits to inform his readers that the "cry of repudiation and confiscation" sprang from no political bias, but from the circumstance that the Queensland Government had arbitrarily broken specific contracts which had already been entered into with the pastoral lessees!

The next two years will be a period of anxiety for the State Government. Within that period they are pledged to find more than £24,000,000 for the repayment of State loans. Who will lend them the money? The British investing public can hardly be expected to commit themselves unless they are satisfied that their rights will be respected. Possibly they will be interested less in a discussion of the rights and wrongs of a particular case than in what they conceive to be the probable outcome of certain legislative tendencies.

And if the British investor declines the time-honoured position of cat's-paw, and Queensland is unable to borrow the money wherewith to meet her maturing obligations, what then? Will she be obliged to default? That is a contingency with the gravity of which she is bound to reckon. The mere possibility of such a happening suggests a number of questions and problems which it is far easier to speculate on than satisfactorily to answer or to solve. In the event of defalcation the credit of the State must be irreparably damaged, while the reverberations of such a disaster could scarcely fail to exercise disturbing effect upon Australian credit in general. Could the Commonwealth afford to sit idle while a member of the

confederacy defaulted? Under the Colonial Stock Act of the Imperial Government, Queensland securities are constituted trust investments. In the event, therefore, of defalcation not only would the Colonial Stock Act itself become thoroughly discredited, but a severe blow would be dealt at the entire world of trustee investments. A not improbable consequence of such untoward happenings might be the raising in acute form of the question of the Imperial Government's right of veto—a right which in modern practice is exercised only in very exceptional circumstances. At this stage in the evolution of Empire it is idle to attempt to saddle the Imperial Government with responsibility for Acts passed by a Dominion State Government. The suggestion that such Acts are scrutinised by the Imperial Government with a view to determining whether they be conscionable or not is without any basis in fact; and those who still cling to this traditional belief would do well to ponder the words of the Secretary of State for the Colonies in which he recently defined the relationship at present subsisting between the Colonial Office and the Dominions. In the course of a speech which he made at a dinner of the African Society on May 15th, 1923, at which he was the principal guest, the Duke of Devonshire is reported to have said:—

> "So far as the Dominions, no longer Colonies, are concerned, Downing Street not many years ago used to be a name synonymous with a fussy and timid old grandmother who interfered and thwarted them in matters they thought they knew better how to deal with. The Colonial Office now is more of the nature of the benevolent uncle. Neither the Secretary of State, nor Parliament, nor this country desires to interfere with their affairs in any way whatever. We have given them the full opportunity and power to deal with their own affairs, and we desire that they should have complete control over them. In fact, as someone said, we were quite prepared to let them go to the devil in their own way; or, alternatively, to work out their own salvation."

Another aspect of the situation—by no means to be overlooked—is that defalcation might open the door to questions of even wider constitutional import, such as limitation of self-government by communities which had not arrived at a certain degree of development. These are some of the more cogent problems which gather round the spectre of defalcation. It is earnestly to be hoped that their significance will be neither ignored nor minimised by those who are charged with the responsibility of

steering the ship of state through the shoaly waters that lie immediately ahead.

Criticism of the activities of the Queensland Government is commonly received with so much hostility and misrepresentation on the other side that it cannot be too strongly urged that there is no basis in fact for the contention—which we are accustomed to find in certain quarters—that there is any desire or disposition in this country, or on the part of any interest, in any way to influence the direction of affairs in Queensland, or to dictate to the State Government what they may or may not properly do. Let there be no misunderstanding upon that point. The lines on which the development of the State is to proceed are broadly a matter for the determination of the Queensland electorate operating through the Government for the time being in power. There is no wish here in any way to hamper or thwart that development. There is, on the contrary, a strong desire to help in any manner that may be possible. On the other hand, British sense of justice is swift to detect breach of faith; and keen to resent violation of specific contract. It is well that this, equally, should be borne in mind.

Queensland stands inevitably at the cross-roads; and yet in her own hands lies the solution of her present difficulties. It is not too late to repair the injury she has inflicted upon the pastoral interests. But that will not suffice. She must put herself right in the eyes of the world, and dispel the impression that her word is not inviolate. Is it conceivable that the State Government are blind to the effect they have produced? They have made a paltry pecuniary gain; they have sacrificed confidence and goodwill of inestimable value. Not only have they ridden roughshod over the premier interest in the community; they have issued a challenge to the basic principle upon which the entire structure of civilisation has been moulded since earliest times. Can they be so completely out of touch with the world as really to believe that they can play fast and loose with the sanctity of contract? If so, enlightenment will come.

Sea Gulls

By E. L. Grant Watson

From out of the mist, waves come following one another in endless succession from the southward. There is no horizon; a white blank obscures sky and ocean. Scudding vapours skirt and hang upon pinnacles and buttresses of rock and are blown past in torn fragments. Through moving spaces in the mist there are revealed from time to time rocks which enclose a space of comparatively calm water. Here wavelets rise in triangular peaks, and seem to make a small acclamation amongst themselves, like hand-clappings. But yonder to windward there is the larger motion, the waters rise over the encrusted rocks, they foam and fall; the sound of the heavy advance, the break, the slow, sucking ebb, follow one another and merge into the monotonous, yet so marvellously articulate voice of the sea. This headland where I sit is wholly enveloped in mist, but dimly, below there, I can see a rock island, which raises its bare sides, solid and heavy out of the sea into the grey air. At its foot there is a swirl of green water, and, beneath the surface, strands of dark seaweed sway as the current flows.

Out of the whiteness of the air come sea gulls. They are at first voices, invisible, shrill and plaintive. White and grey forms, a flock of them, sweep downward on their silent wings. They wheel, peering at me, uttering their high-pitched screams; they circle about the island, they divide and settle in groups; while others, rising again, disappear slantingly into the mist. And now, as if disturbed by the clamour of the gulls, cormorants rise from one of the outermost rocks. They fly close to the sea, their long necks outstretched, their narrow wings touching the waves. Their black bodies fade to grey as they are lost.

One cannot doubt, as one glimpses these creatures of the salt waves and the grey mist, that the life of the sea is far wilder than that of the land. The land has been

tamed by man, and the creatures of the land are seldom altogether indifferent to his presence. These sea birds are entirely remote; their lives are alien and possessed of a different significance. They express the same meaning that the sea expresses, as the wind, as the restless swirl of green waters, the flow and the ebb, as the fragments of torn white vapour, which, like some primal and ultimate garment, enfold so softly the rocks. From man and all the worlds which he has created they are far removed. They seem to belong to the dim, unconscious past of the world's story, to the times of their reptilian ancestors, when God was a mere hunger of beak and claws moving over the waters. To-day they survive as a token of the past. They look at men remotely from the sky; they cry their wild cries, slope their wings and disappear.

Yet sometimes the picture is very different, and these sea birds become as tame as chickens, living in close dependance upon the men that feed them.

In the fishing town of Mevagissey the horse-shoe of the inner harbour is closely surrounded by the typical stone houses of Cornwall. At low tide a large area of mud within the harbour is left exposed, and into this mud the offal from the fishing fleet has been thrown for generations. A sickly and sweetish odour of organic decomposition envelops the whole vicinity. This allurement and the newly flung remnants of fish from the boats and houses attracts the gulls in hundreds and thousands. I have seen the air darkened by their wings. They sit in jostling crowds upon the harbour walls and parapets, upon the houses, whose roofs are painted white by their droppings. They walk in the roadway and remain complacently within a couple of feet of man or child. Upon the bulwarks of the boats and upon the spars they sit in regular and close ranks. On every mast there is a gull. There are just as many in the air as there are perching.

These gulls of Mevagissey are well fed. They are gorged . . . so sated that they can eat no more. Even in their satiety, their greed is insatiable. One may see, wherever one looks, individual birds standing over coveted morsels that their crops are too tightly packed to find room for. They stand and scream an indignant and defiant warning. They hunch their backs, droop their wings,

lower their heads, as if vomiting out their threats, and open wide their rapacious mouths. ARCHEE. AR-CHEEE. EEE-CHE. ORCH-EE. EEEEE. . . .

Each gull behaves very much in the same way as his fellows. That big one there has a cod's head too large for him to swallow. He is too lazy to pick the flesh off it, so he stands screaming, hunched and defiant. Another gull pushes into him, seizes the cod's head; there is a beating of wings and a tussle. Another bird steals the prize; he pitches it a short distance and stands guard. ARCHEE. AR-CHEEE. The first gull, finding himself dispossessed, flies off on to one of the walls. He preens his feathers and appears to sleep; he wakes up and considers the possibility of a meal, takes a turn or two in the air, swoops down and snatches someone else's morsel. He is still too sated to swallow it, so he mounts guard till in the fullness of time he is able to add yet more to his distended crop. Thus it is with them all, and thus the day passes.

Yes, at Mevagissey the gulls are like chickens, tamer than chickens and greedier; and, this is saying a good deal, more bad tempered and egotistical. Yet for all their obvious faults of character, most men, I think, are glad to see them; to see their marvellously smooth plumage, the perfect fans of their tails, spread out as they fly or as they alight. We look friendlily into those greedy eyes, so hard and defiant, and we admire the rapacious, yellow beaks, with the red stain as of blood on the lower jaw. Because of their numbers, their incessant bickerings, their shamelessness and their greed, they have become almost familiar. But look for a few moments into that yellow eye between the grey lids. Was there ever anything more wild, more hard, more remote from the aspirations of men? It is akin to the ungauged savagery of the waves, cold and unquestioning like the sea mist.

The Death of Yesterday's Books

By Stephen Graham

"Must I always be listening and never reply?" cried Juvenal. "Must the voice of the hoarse poet Codrus sound for ever in mine ears?" Rest, perturbed spirit; Codrus is in his grave; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well. Juvenal remains a classic text, and Codrus, who was Codrus, has to be explained briefly in a footnote. "The market is full of noisy clowns," said Nietzsche, "they are for the people—the gentlemen of an hour." The hour passes, and Codrus is silent. Other Codruses arise, but also they pass. There is a great deal of comfort in the fact.

When Meredith died what a clamour there was—should he or should he not be buried in Westminster Abbey? The Dean of those days, being no Meredithian, said flatly "No," and believed that his decision would be justified. The Codruses, however, made loud complaint. Hall Caine, then on his way to knighthood, came forward to champion the honour of his friend. But the Abbey has its dust of forgotten worthies, and you ask, not once nor twice, as you walk the dim aisle and look at some forgotten grave, "Who was that? Whoever reads a word of anything that that man wrote?" The Abbey has no magic power to make its dry bones live or save a dull man from oblivion. If Meredith still lives, and doubtless he does, it is in the human hearts and minds that need his life to-day.

Bernard Shaw once wrote a witty article entitled "Who is Hall Caine?" But I do not doubt someone in all seriousness will ask one day, "Who was Bernard Shaw?" And that despite the fact that his friend St. John Ervine can say in one breath Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Shaw, a triple "sh," which might suggest the hush of

silence. In vain he writes of a new Methuselah living thousands of years.

The lickspittles creep up to Cæsar. "Oh, Emperor!" they cry, "immortal Emperor, you are not human, you are divine; you cannot die." But nevertheless he dies, and the lickspittles crawl away.

> Warn all future Robert Brownings and Carlyles,
> It will interest them to hunt among the files.
> . . . That Kensal Green of greatness called the files
> In our newspapere-la-chaise the office files.

Dead lies four-fifths of Browning. Dead lies half Carlyle. Carlyle in the white Chelsea 'bus trundled along every day for years to the British Museum and home again more morose and concentrated in the evening in a similar white two-horse 'bus, in the blessed reign of Queen Victoria. And all the sunlit hours he grubbed in German archives:—

"I had long thought of Dullness," he wrote once, "and I thought I knew it a little, but here is Dullness itself, ponds of it, oceans of it; widespread genuine Dullness, without parallel in this world. The hapless inquirer swashes to and fro, in the sorrow of his heart. If in this acre of stagnant water he can pick up half a peascod, let him thank his stars."

Carlyle picked up his half peascods, but now they have mostly rotted with the rest. Thus ten volumes of *Frederick the Great*, much bought in its time, but dusty now on almost all shelves in the world.

Great in his day was James Anthony Froude, Carlyle's biographer. He wrote *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, which everyone read. He also wrote *The Nemesis of Faith*. And someone replied with *The Nemesis of Froude*. But both books are dead. Then an historian called Paul —no saint—wrote a mean biography of Froude, and now Paul is dead and his works are dead as well. The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

There is a dining club in London, dedicated to the spirit of Omar Khayyam, composed mostly of old famous men. And when they were young they dined with roses in their hair. And now they still wear roses—when they dine, and when one dies they turn down an empty glass. There

you may meet Augustine Birrell, who once wrote *Obiter Dicta, vide* files, a famous book in its day. And now, alas! grey and full of years, Anthony Hope, who wrote *The Chronicles of Count Antonio* and *The Dolly Dialogues* and many another thrilling, charming work. All in the barrow, choose what you will. Next to him perchance sits Lewis Hind, who has carried over from the last century a chalice of Victorian ideals—

> Only grant my soul may carry high
> Through life its cup unspilled.

Then your eyes light on W. W. Jacobs, and you remember a laughter, an unquenchable laughter, coming from the open door of the Post Office when he escaped, and from the barges and trawlers where he found life and fun and made his name.

There are speeches. Always at dinners speeches, and there are toasts, a raising of glasses with red wine—

> O my beloved, fill the cup that clears
> To-day of past regrets—and future fears.
> To-morrow? Why, to-morrow I may be
> Myself with yesterday's ten thousand years.

So one whispers to his guest, and his guest replies—

> The stars are setting, and the caravan
> Starts for the dawn of nothing. O make haste!

The dawn of nothing! A wan dusty crowd of writers with pens in their hands are pilgrimaging thither, and on the road are waggons drawn by lean nags and stacked with books. They are going Eastward, they are going out there into the silent country where the

> Rudyards cease from Kipling
> And the Haggards ride no more.

A book is conceived, written, published. It is reviewed, exhibited in shops, bought, perchance read; it is lent, it is not returned. It reposes on a shelf. Someone picks it up, borrows it, forgets about it, leaves it on another shelf. It collects dust. It is dusted by a maid and replaced upside down. In this humiliating posture it remains till death of borrower. It passes into possession of an heir. He sells it with others to a dealer. Being by that time, let us say, twenty years old, it is sadly marked down in price. It is not in request. After a year or so a clergy-

man buys it and begins to quote it in his sermons, but after a while loses it and forgets it. A tall parishioner, disapproving of it, has visited the vicarage library and lifted the book on to a high shelf. Ten years later a curate revises the library, finds the book, and turns it out. It is sold at a church bazaar to someone who does not want it. Fifty years after birth it returns to the second-hand shop, but proves to be completely unsaleable. Originally some three thousand copies were printed, and they are reposing on three thousand dusty shelves in many parts of the world.

Near to where I live is an old-book seller called Foyle. He started with a small shop and a few thousand books nicely classified and ticketed. He has now a huge mansion stacked with books; he has had to buy houses in side-streets for his overflow books, and he advertises in big letters over his front door—

"Over One Million Books on Every Conceivable Subject."

You look upward as you pass his shop, and see books of all colours stacked even to the windows. His shop front is no longer neatly ticketed, but presents a scene of indiscriminate disorder. You might think books had fallen from upstairs windows into the racks and bins below. Inside the shop the books climb from floor to ceiling in serried masses. The racks are so close that Mr. Chesterton might have difficulty to get about even sideways. Below the shop there used evidently to be extensive and spacious cellars. These also are stacked with old books, dusty and dank, and the smell of decaying leather is like the smell of the bodies of the saints in the catacombs of Kief.

To get to Foyle himself is a fitting reproval and reminder for an author, a Dantesque pilgrimage into the kingdom of the dead. For the owner of it all sits away at the back behind veil upon veil of oblivion, behind the dusty spiders' webs of time and old ideas.

To Foyle, when in London, I constantly have recourse. Sometimes, it is true, I buy from him a book. Day after day passing his book-stricken corner, Manette Street and Charing Cross Road, my steps naturally slow down and the eyes linger questioningly upon the covers of old books. But there is that Carlylean Dullness once again, the

wilderness of unsaleable books. I smell the decayed remains of Nelson's shilling library, once blue, now faded. I see Froude's *Oceana;* thirty copies of *The Blood Stone*, by Irene Osgood; a Pulpit Commentary; the *British Nepos;* volumes of elegant extracts. Who wants to buy *The Heavenly Twins* for a dime, or *Won by Waiting* or *The Woman Who Did* (did what?). Who thrills to the touch of *Trilby*? An attendant public grubs, turns over, rakes, stares, opens and shuts volumes, and now and then redeems some book that is not dead.

I have recourse to Foyle's, not to buy, but to sell. Some men are collectors; some collect what is precious and interesting, some collect indiscriminately. But I am not a collector, dislike even the idea of collecting. Every evening the waste-paper basket is full. I hold that there is no advantage in keeping books which I shall never read again. I turn them up. There is a mounting pile of them, and when the pile becomes unsightly I take them over to Foyle's. He never refuses to receive them. His is a marvellous all-embracing dull hospitality to old books. I sit on a heap of odd volumes and read any old book that catches my eye while Foyle examines the newcomers. Presently a boy comes sidling round the racks.

"He says 'Seven and six for the lot.'"

I am inwardly convulsed with mirth.

"Why, that's not much for twenty books," I answer.

"Well, eight shillings is the most he'll go," says the boy.

"All right; hand it over."

That extra sixpence is a ritual; you must get that.

Last time I brought the books in a ruined suit-case which had been beaten, bobbed, and thumped from London to New York and then to Mexico City and halfway round the world. Pitifully it had struggled home, all corded and reinforced.

I still chuckled to myself as I received a check for eight shillings.

"And the suit-case," said I, with a bow, "I will throw in."

"Very good, sir!" replied the boy with adequate dignity.

Foyle has had several hundred books from me, books

that I could be sure I'd never read again. But I've never seen one of them get on to the outside racks with a price marked on it. That's the worst of having a million. It is easy to lose knowledge of what you have.

However, a book of the kind has more chance of finding the man who can use him when he is in the shop than when on private shelves. It by no means follows that a book which is dead to me is dead to everyone else. If it had voice it could well say: "The friends I seek are seeking me," or, again, from the same poem, "Lo! Mine own shall come to me."

That is well for me. A full waste-paper basket denotes literary health. It is well for the book because it gets a chance of life and service. And it is good certainly for the stranger who is in need of the book. But there is one dreadful question which one has to put as to the fate of old books. The books you do not read go to the dealers, but what of the books that no one will read any more? What happens to them? The answer, I fear, is more dreadful even than the question. *They are pulped.* There is a melancholy residuum of literature, nobodies who once were somebodies, creatures which once were men's, pallid now and dry, or perchance damp and swollen, tattered and shabby, or it may be, not much damaged, not even cut, not dog-eared. They have had a migratory history, from inside to outside and upstairs to downstairs, priced separately, reduced, sent to rows of all one price, dislodged, thrown into the miscellaneous with a notice "No reasonable offer refused," and last of all dropped in a deep dark barrel. The pulper then cometh with motor hearse and taketh them away and their story endeth.

Every moment dies a book, every moment one is born. For those who sit in review offices and for those who browse in Brentano's or Bumpus's, the latter fact seems more obvious. Every moment one is born. Someone asks: where do all the books go to? Where to-day are all those copies of *The Rosary*? Who is holding on to *Main Street* and the myriadfold novels? Where is the room? We can take comfort in the fact that in darkness and obscurity at the other end the reverse of the procreative process is always going on. The dead books are being

carted away and decently changed into something new.

Of course, there is some tragedy connected with death. Some books die young. Some on which fond hopes were fixed have been still-born. Others, in their fate, are like strangled babes. Reviewers are said to have murdered books, and bigger books have killed smaller books. Dull books have hidden witty books and starved them of human gaze. And mass stupidity of men and women has been the cause of many a good book languishing unto death.

Benevolent readers stare at rows of dead books and wonder if there may not be one of them that belies its title and its appearance. Many a man or woman has raised dead books to life as a result of searching the dusty racks. Some old books which seemed dead twenty years ago are now among those most full of life. I used, as a youth, to search all the old bookshops for translations from the Russian. That was before the great excitement which Russian literature has caused. Dostoevsky had been translated, but had been allowed to die. Few read his books. Even *Crime and Punishment* was unobtainable in the book stores. You could, if you searched, buy the novel out of the barrows of last resort, you could get it for next to nothing, or you could not get it at all. For Dostoevsky seemed to be dead. The same applied to Chekhof—whose work appeared, sold a little, was remaindered, and disappeared. The most excellent volume of Chekhof stories, that called *The Black Monk*, was once an unsaleable book! To buy that volume and read from it to one's friends was once to me the means of considerable happiness.

Doubtless to be a true Christian among books is to keep a hopeful spirit in the face of all that seems blank and drear. This generation in England has witnessed the raising of several books from death, notably Melville's *Moby Dick*, Gogol's *Dead Souls*, Charles Doughty's *Travels in Arabia*. Many books, no doubt, are dead for all eternity, but of a few in every age, it may be said simply: they sleep.

Says Sergeant Murphy

By A. P. Garland

The League of Nations

"That blinkin' League of Nations hasn't half got a smack in the eye," said Heddle, who was reading the paper. "Jolly nearly time, too."

"You've said it," said Sergeant Murphy. "Signor Muzzliney's the lad to put it in its place. It's all fine and large, says he, to have you curbin' the warlike and murdherous tindincies of Liberia or Venezuela. They're niggers, or as near as dammit, and they're no count anyhow—alleged nations like thim ought to be seen and not heard. But a great and powerful nation like ours—Holy Smoke! d'ye think we'd ever have our distinies guided by a crowd of superannuated statesmin in Geneva? Not likely. Anny intherference will be threated as a blow to the national honour.

"Ask him what's national honour, and he'll tell you that annything that affects the nation—from the price of macaroni per linear yard to the question of the form of governmint to be bestowed on the Albanians, whether they like it or not—is an affair of the national honour, and is to be mintioned by the delegates only under their breath.

"But on such matters as the design of the new postage stamps for Haiti, or the partition of the North Pole into zones, or measures to preserve the whales of the South Seas from the barbarous nations that slaughter thim for the day's dinner, the Signor's Army, Navy, and Air Force are at the disposal of the League to have and to hold."

"What the chap says in this paper's right," said Heddle. "Stoppin' war's all my eye. You can't change human nature."

"You don't want to change it, if you can conthrol it," answered the Sergeant. "As long as the tiger's behind bars he can go on being a tiger. Who cares?

"And yit I'm not so sure about human nature. Your great-great-grandfather, Heddle—I credit you with wan on general principles—used to ask nothin' better than to go out on a fine day and watch a woman being hanged for stealing a few sticks, or an ould fortune teller being

thrun in a pond for being a witch, or a poor madman pelted with stones. Suppose wan of thim divarshions was advertised to take place to-morrow in Mitcham, how much do you think the Government would dhraw in Entertainment Tax?

"Here, I'll tell ye something more. Wance in France we'd come out of the line for a week's rest, which we spint route-marchin', manhandlin' shells at the dump, and in other such light work. The Colonel—rest his soul! He wint undher at Thiepval, but the fellah that got him niver spoke about it after. I saw to that. God! thim were the days, Heddle."

The Sergeant paused for a moment in a reminiscent mood.

"Where was I?" he resumed. "Oh, yes. The Colonel had arranged for a profissor called Slinger—a full private I used to see peelin' spuds in the cook house—to give us lectures to keep us out of mischief.

"Slinger gave us wan lecture on the Vikings. They were a race of pirates, Heddle, that used to spind all their time fightin' and slaughterin' and robbin' and carryin' off women, and burnin' churches and houses, and havin' the divel's own time. They used to dhrink wine out of skulls —which shows a quare taste, not to speak of the amount of good liquor they must have spilled—and were generally a murdherin' lot of ruffians.

"Well, Heddle, you'll never believe, but thim Vikings were the ancestors of the bloodthirsty Danes and Dutchmin and Norwegians of to-day, the chaps that make murdherous assaults on this counthry with butter and fish and bulb catalogues and other ingines of desthruction. And, if human nature doesn't change, what in hell has happened to the Vikings' descindants?"

"Do you think they'll ever be able to prevent war?" asked Heddle.

"I don't know. But it's worth a thrile. Mind ye, Heddle, I'm an Irishman, though I may have scarcely a thrace of an accent, and an Irishman is born and built for battle. But after Paschendaele I niver wanted to shoulder a rifle again."

"The papers," remarked Heddle, "don't think much of the League. They're always making a joke about it."

" They would," said the Sergeant. " A man can't serve two masters, and they've already a more important League to attind to. I mean the Football League."

The Iron Despots

(FOOTNOTE TO " EREWHON ")

By Stephen Southwold

SLEEPILY my eyes strayed down the columns of the evening paper. I read one item through again. It was headed " The Reign of the Machines," and ran, " Pedestrians who impede the progress of motor cars are now liable to fine or imprisonment in Vienna."

The voice of posterity broke in upon my thoughts:

" Daddy, we will go to the Zoo to-morrow, won't we? "

" If you get lots of sleep to-night, Neil," I said, cocking a significant eye at the clock. He went like a lamb, and left alone, I dropped off to sleep.

* * * * *

Neil clung tightly to my hand. " Shall we soon be at the monkeys? Is this the way, daddy? An' the el-phants. Are we going to the lions first? "

I stared around me doubtfully. This was the Zoo, and yet there was something unfamiliar about it; queer groupings of buildings that I could not recollect having seen previously. The place, too, seemed strangely deserted. We had been walking a long time, but we had seen no one. Where were all the youngsters? The same thought must have struck Neil. He pulled at my arm, and came closer to me. " Where's all the people, daddy? " he asked softly.

And then, hurrying out of a by-path, came a keeper. As he approached I grew dubious. Was he a keeper or a ——? I could not think of the word. And yet it was more a dread of the word itself than an inability to remember it. The keeper stopped. He wore a queer drab overall over his uniform, and carried an oilcan and

a spanner. He smiled at Neil, baring his teeth. Neil hid his face in my coat.

"Going to see them fed, sir?" he asked pleasantly. "You'll have to hurry. First on the right." He pointed with an oily finger, and suddenly was gone.

Following his direction we came to a vast building. As we approached we heard the most terrifying noises from within. Clangings, explosions, rattles, hootings, screams and cries made up such an appalling din that I halted in alarm.

In another moment, somehow, I was inside, and Neil was in my arms, hiding his face against my shoulder, and crying quietly.

A vast arena was crowded with motor cars of every shape and size. They were all in motion, and all vocal in a hideous metallic fashion. They were rushing hither and thither, rearing up on their hind wheels, turning this way and that, darting and plunging like mad things.

Above them, on a great platform, stood a dozen keepers. Great, strapping fellows they were, dressed in overalls, and laughing with tigerish teeth as they worked. They were throwing into the arena men, women, and children. As the victims fell, the cars, hooting and clanking, rushed at them and swallowed them up. A deadly fear gripped me, and I turned away my face. I felt a hand on my arm. Turning, I saw the keeper who had directed us. "You look tired, sir," he said; "let me take the little chap." He placed an oil-smeared hand on Neil's shoulder. "No! No!" I shouted, and then we began to struggle.

He was stronger than I, and, gripping my two wrists with one of his mighty paws, he began to drag Neil away.

"Daddy! Daddy!" The thin treble sounded from a vast distance . . . and then I was awake, rubbing my eyes, and staring at Neil standing, pyjama-clad, by my chair and pulling my ear.

"Will we go in a taxi?" he asked.

I shuddered. "One and only," I said solemnly, "we shall walk to-morrow if it takes us all day, and I have to carry you."

Modern Superstitions

By E. S. P. Haynes

One of the few great Victorians left with us said to me about twenty years ago after dinner: "I was born in an age of rationalism and I have lived into an age of superstition." I did not contradict him because, although superstition will never be abolished, the avowed extent of its prevalence varies from age to age. But we are certainly much more naked and unashamed in regard to our superstitions to-day than our forefathers were in 1850. I always imagine that after the very strenuous exertions of the nineteenth century everyone became rather tired of thinking and of being civilised; but I cannot improve on the admirable cartoon which Mr. Max Beerbohm drew many years ago contrasting the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. As contrasted with the corpulent merchant of the nineteenth century, the twentieth century was a preposterous hobbledehoy tearing madly along to an unknown destination.

Superstition is, after all, natural to mankind and always likely to recrudesce in periods when ancient religions decline. There was a considerable amount of superstition in the later Roman Empire, and even at the time of the Renaissance. I believe that more than 75 per cent. of the human body is water, and certainly more than 75 per cent. of human intelligence is emotion, as Mr. Hugh Elliot has recently demonstrated in his admirable work, *Human Character*. The two best-known forms of modern superstition are Christian Science and Spiritualism, under their different aliases. The success of Christian Science and most forms of auto-suggestion is fairly intelligible in view of the general ignorance which prevails in regard to the human nervous system. We may count on the fingers of one hand the British neurologists who have any European reputation. The hospitals of Great Britain appear to produce surgeons rather than physicians, though the reason for this is not apparent. But this is an important factor

in the progress of Christian Science and other allied forms of quackery.

The success of Spiritualism is perhaps less intelligible, because so much of it is obviously fraudulent. Several men of whose opinion I have the highest respect have spent years in research and have all been forced to the conclusion that the element of fraud is so inherent in Spiritualism as known to-day that it is impossible to make any useful investigation. Other men, like Professor Barrett, who are eminent in psychical research, ultimately admit that no clear notion of a life beyond the grave can be obtained. I quote, for instance, the words of Professor Barrett:

> "But does the evidence afford us proof of immortality? Obviously it cannot; nor can any investigation yield scientific proof of that larger, higher, more enduring life which we desire and mean by immortality. . . . The intelligent and characteristic messages, however, suggest that the vague ones are due to the fading and dissolving of earthly memories and ties as the departed become more absorbed in their new life, the very nature of which we are in our present state incapable of conceiving. Our own limitations, in fact, make it impossible for the evidence to convey the assurance that we are communicating with what is best and noblest in those who have passed into the unseen."

Another friend of mine who has spent years in psychical research told me that he was never able to obtain any conviction of a life beyond the grave, and the only positive result to his mind was the possible existence of discarnate spirits who were not human, but tried to establish themselves in human bodies. I remember his impressive account of the attempts which the Psychical Research Society made to ascertain the contents of a letter which the late Mr. Myers left sealed up in two or three envelopes at his bank in order to reveal the contents by a medium. A large number of attempts were made by various members of the Psychical Research Society and their friends; but no one of them got anywhere near the mark. Mr. Edward Clodd's book entitled *The Question* was published in 1917, and every word of it has quite as much force to-day as it had then. I am a little more inclined to believe in occasional instances of telepathy than he is; but otherwise I see no reason to criticise any of his *dicta*.

If there is any real communication with the dead, I quite fail to see why it should not be conducted in daylight and under much the same conditions as what is called "listening in." Yet even the most reputable

writers on the subject of Spiritualism invariably stipulate either for sitting alone or in a group in the dark, and if you sit alone you are expected to make a special point of doing so between the hours of midnight and 2 a.m. Then again, practical tests are always avoided. Swedenborg at least did not shirk the practical test, if the common story about him is true; but I believe that it is not quite authentic. The story is that a widow in Königsberg was sued after her husband's death by a silversmith who had sold her husband a silver service. In days when money was paid in cash she could not appeal to her banker's pass-book, and her only way of proving payment was to find a receipt for the cash, which she was sure her husband had paid. Swedenborg is said to have spent a week on looking into the matter, and at the end of that week to have discovered in her house a secret drawer in which the receipt was found.

The modern Spiritualist does not seem to welcome such a test. Some years ago I was much worried about a claim for huge arrears of income tax which had been made against a client of mine, and which might almost have ruined him if it had succeeded. Two deceased solicitors were concerned in the matter, namely, the trustee of a marriage settlement who had for nearly twenty years paid my client a large annuity without deducting income tax, and my father. In the year 1900 the trustee had deducted the tax and my father had challenged his right to do so. The correspondence showed that there had been an interview on the subject; but no record of the interview could be found, and a long search for other documents was futile. In the year 1913 I had had a short conversation with Sir Oliver Lodge, in which he had told me that he had evidence of personal immortality which could not be furnished because it was private and confidential. I, therefore, felt no hesitation in obtaining the permission of my client to ask Sir Oliver to introduce me to a medium who could reveal to me why since the year 1900 the deceased trustee had never deducted the income tax. I could not remember ever having discussed the matter with my father. After consulting the most eminent counsel, I found that there was no right to deduct the income tax; but I thought that my father must have known some fact which was not known to me.

I was mildly surprised when I received a letter from

Sir Oliver to the effect that income tax was neither a welcome nor a suitable subject of discussion in the next world. He said that he could not introduce a medium, but referred me to the editor of *Light*. The editor of *Light* did not reply to my letter for about three weeks; but he seems to have occupied that time in evolving a suitable reply. He wrote that, in the first place, I could not make such an inquiry without a preliminary period of prayer and fasting. He then said that people who lived on the earth should not consult the judgment of the inhabitants of another sphere of existence regarding matters solely relating to this sphere of existence. He considered that people who lived on earth ought to settle problems of this kind for themselves. I replied to him that a very large sum of money was spent every year in the law courts on attempts to ascertain the intentions of deceased testators, and that if the testators could themselves be consulted the public might save considerable sums of money which at present went into the pockets of lawyers. But I did not succeed in drawing him again.

In the result the solution of the whole problem came to me early one morning like a sudden revelation. There are only three explanations of this result, namely, (1) that my father had discussed the matter with me and that I had forgotten it; (2) that I had succeeded in puzzling the matter out in my subconscious mind; and (3) that I had received a direct message from the next world. Personally, I believe that I obtained the result by subconscious cogitation; but I am quite sure that if Sir Oliver Lodge and the editor of *Light* had been less timid I should have obtained much the same result through a medium and should by now have become a convinced Spiritualist. I am, therefore, grateful to both these gentlemen for not having encouraged me in my first attempt, especially as the whole incident has made me understand better than I otherwise could have understood the reason why so many persons believe in Spiritualism.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton has recently expressed the opinion that a kind of inarticulate communion with the dead can be preserved without any chronic indulgence in the consolations of Spiritualism. This solution is perhaps possible for very busy men and women who are for the

most part entirely absorbed in mundane affairs; but it seems to me a dangerous counsel for anyone of much leisure. For to adopt it leads to cultivating hallucination as a habit. It is also rather difficult to stop at that point. Mr. Havelock Ellis has dealt with this matter far better than I can. He writes:

> The innumerable impressions produced by the loved one's personality on the sensitive organism, the concentration of feelings and ideas, desires and fears, pleasures and pains, develop a Being within us strong and living enough to survive when the object from which they radiated and on to which they have been reflected has turned to dust. Such a person may be closer to us and more alive than the people we see and hear and touch every day. . . . We create by love an immortal being whom nothing can destroy until we, too, are turned to dust.

I do not myself see how the matter can be carried further than this. There is a certain weight of evidence in favour of an abnormal consciousness sometimes appearing on the verge of death; but this is not surprising in view of the multiple layers of consciousness which underlie the consciousness of everyday life. Moreover, this factor itself creates a certain presumption against the extension of human consciousness beyond the grave. But we must never forget that the equilibrium of the human mind is rather an unstable equilibrium, and the cultivation of Spiritualists' practices certainly endangers this equilibrium. I was talking the other day to a doctor whose mother had died of paralysis, and no other member of the family had died of any nervous disease. I asked him whether he could account for this, and he emphatically expressed the opinion that the nervous disease was due to Spiritualism. He also told me that he knew of another case in which a colleague of his had considered that Spiritualism had had the same effect. There can be no doubt that excessive indulgence in Spiritualism must constitute a nervous strain, and it would not be surprising if the doctors were right.

Before writing this article I looked up a chapter of mine on the subject contained in a book entitled *The Belief in Personal Immortality*, which I wrote ten years ago; but even after ten such momentous years of universal bereavement and unceasing attempts to bridge the gulf of death I could find no reason to alter my old conclusion that Spiritualism could do no good, and might easily do great harm, to its votaries.

Industrial Insurance Legislation

By J. J. Bisgood

In the year 1922 the annual premium income of the industrial assurance companies of this country exceeded £30,000,000. At least an equal annual premium income is collected in the United States by United States companies, which adopted the practice from us and have gone to work on the same lines. In this country some sixteen millions of policies are on the books of the companies and a vast organisation of 60,000 agents is at work, week in and week out, collecting premiums and inducing persons to insure who have not previously come into the system. In short, industrial assurance is one of the most important businesses in this country.

The invested funds of these British companies, held for the benefit of the policy holders, exceed £109,000,000. During the war the existence of these accumulations, which the directors were able to invest in the various Government loans as they came out, proved a great source of strength at very critical moments. The thrift propaganda which the companies set on foot through their widespread agency organisations, had the greatest possible influence on the success of the various loans which were emitted from time to time by the Treasury, and particularly of the War Savings Certificates and War Bond issues.

It was not to be supposed that institutions of this magnitude could be carried on without irregularities occurring from time to time. Canvassing agents, in their anxiety to secure business, have been sometimes inclined to go further in persuasiveness than the facts justified. Grave but uninformed criticism was directed against the practice of insuring children for funeral benefits, and complaints were made that the companies derived an inordinate profit from the number of policies commenced by poor people and then allowed to lapse. An agitation, which derived most of its importance from the noise it was able

to make, sprang up in various parts of the country, and its activities came to the ears of the members of both Houses of Parliament and of the Government. Finally, a Royal Commission, under the chairmanship of Lord Parmoor, was set up to examine the whole practice of industrial assurance. It presented in 1920 an interesting if somewhat prejudiced Report, upon which legislation was framed by the Home Office, aided by the Government Actuary and his cumbersome Department.

A Bill to regulate industrial assurance was introduced into the House of Lords in 1921 by Lord Onslow. That Bill may best be described as typical panic legislation, but the motive, as far as we can judge, was to make industrial assurance business so impossible to private enterprise that it would fall naturally into the hands of the State and be carried on by the State within a measurable distance of time. The hopes of aggrandisement of the officials in the Registry of Friendly Societies and in the Department of the Government Actuary were raised unduly high. They would become the officials controlling the State scheme. But the opposition which the unjust and savagely punitive proposals of the Onslow Bill raised, not only amongst the officials of the companies, but amongst the agents and their policy holders, grew so strong that it was found impossible to proceed with it. Long negotiations followed between the Government, the companies, and the various organisations of agents. Finally, a Bill to regulate the business was introduced this session in the House of Lords and has now become law. It contains many novel features of interest and many departures from existing practice. But it is an agreed Bill, which the companies are prepared to work in perfect good faith. Its results remain to be seen.

The new Act affects all the parties to an industrial assurance policy, from the policy holder who insures, the agents and officers who induce him to insure, and the assurance companies themselves, to the Department of the new State official, who is called the Industrial Assurance Commissioner. This title and the drastic powers of the new State Department have been conferred on the gentleman who has hitherto occupied the post of Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, who now becomes a very important person indeed.

Industrial assurance business is defined by the new Act as the business of effecting assurance upon human life, premiums in respect of which are received by means of collectors, but it does not include assurances upon which the premiums are payable at intervals of two months or more, nor assurances for £25 or upwards, effected after the passing of the Act, where the premiums are payable at intervals of a month or upwards. These may be treated as part of the business of the ordinary life branch of the assurance company concerned if the Commissioner certifies that the terms and conditions are as good for the assured as those imposed by the new Act.

The policy holder in an industrial company is usually a man or woman of the manual labouring classes. His lack of education makes it very important that no contract into which he enters should be sanctioned by law unless he has an opportunity of understanding what it means. The advance of education is by degrees eliminating the illiterate. As time goes on they will become fewer in number and the present fool-proof precautions may not be necessary.

Clause 20 of the new Act is meant to protect the rights of policy holders and to make sure that they know exactly what they are doing. The most important of its sub-sections provides that, if the proposal form for the policy is filled in wholly or partly by a person employed by the assurance society, the society shall not be entitled, in the event of a dispute, to question the validity of the policy on the ground of any misstatement in the proposal form. This provision has completely reversed the existing practice. As a rule, these proposal forms are filled in by one of the officials of the company, for the simple reason that the candidates for assurance are unable or reluctant to write. The insurance agent knows his business and fills in the form very quickly. His time is his principal asset, whereas the ordinary proposer is slow of thought and by no means sure of all his facts. There is a proviso that if a fraudulent statement has been made by the proposer the company may dispute the policy, even if their agent has filled in the proposal form. But the real question is whether, notwithstanding the additional risk in the event of a dispute which the company will run, the present prac-

tice must not necessarily be continued. Business has to be done and the company must take the risk of being in the weaker position if a dispute arises, rather than incur the delay. After all, disputes are so infrequent, probably not one in 100,000 cases, that the provision may merely be considered as eyewash to satisfy some of those who attacked the insurance companies and their agents on the ground that the person insured never knew in reality what he or she was undertaking to do nor what consideration would be given for the money expended.

In the proceedings before the Parmoor Commission attention was especially directed to two points. Every company will admit that many of its agents did not fully understand the doctrine of the first, namely insurable interest, which, put briefly, means that nobody must go up and down taking out insurance policies on the lives of other people, unless the death of the person insured would mean a financial loss of at least the amount insured to the person taking out the policy. It was shown that in many instances neither the working class proposer nor the insurance company's agent fully understood the exact effect of the Gambling Act of 1777, which rendered such transactions illegal. When claims come to be paid the duty is incumbent on the officials of the companies to see that the insurable interest on which the claim is based really exists. Otherwise there would be a wide opening for serious crime. Awkward questions frequently arose. Very often it was found legally impossible to pay the claim and there was a sense of injury all round. Under the provisions of the new law the proposal form is to contain a statement, set out and signed, of the alleged insurable interest, so that it will be the duty of the insurance company at the time of the proposal to make these inquiries and to demand to know the nature of the insurable interest, or to decline the proposal *ab initio*. That simple provision makes an end of a good many causes of trouble.

A practice prevailed in several districts of Great Britain —notably in the Midlands and in South Wales—of setting up these gambling or speculative insurances. The persons whose lives it was proposed to insure signed the proposal forms themselves as if for their own benefit, and then, for a trifling consideration, very often no more than a pint

of beer, transferred the policies by assignment to the speculator who had in the meantime found them the money to pay the premium. The new law makes it quite clear that if a person signs a proposal form for an industrial insurance, he must make a declaration that the policy is taken out by him and that the premiums are to be paid by him, or alternatively he must disclose his insurable interest. If, when the policy becomes a claim, it transpires that either of these declarations is false in any respect, the companies will be protected, but the essential point is that the position has to be cleared up at the beginning of the policy and not at the end.

An interesting provision of the new Act secures that there shall be set out on the policy itself in full and in prominent type, the whole of the provisions of the Act which affect the dealings between the company and its policy holder, so that no policy holder shall ever be able to complain that he did not know exactly what his rights and responsibilities were. As a general rule a policy holder—be he rich or be he poor—does not trouble to read his policy very carefully, but in future in industrial assurance he will have no excuse for not doing so.

Perhaps the most famous of all the grievances alleged against industrial assurance is that if a man cannot continue his premiums he may forfeit all that he has paid. This has not been the case for a long time past with such companies as the Prudential, which have given fully paid up policies to adults unable to pay further premiums, provided the policy has been five years in force and the age of fifteen attained. The effect of the new Act is to extend something like the Prudential provision over the whole industry. Five years' time is given to the companies which have not so far issued paid up policies to build up reserves in order to enable them to do so. As time goes by this ancient grievance will disappear, but it is not fair to say that insurance companies make heavy profits out of lapsed policies. They have no right to cancel a contract themselves, so that the option of cancellation is against them and is never exercised if the policy holder is in indifferent health. If their business is to continue they must procure by canvassing a new policy to replace the one that has been dropped, and the expense of getting a new policy is,

in the first year of duration, from ten to twelve times the expense of maintaining an old one. The man who is unable to continue his policy usually has a grievance against his insurance company. He becomes a bad friend and often hinders the procuration of business. Both companies and policy holders will have reason in the long run to rejoice in the provision as to paid-up policies laid down by the Act.

Industrial assurance agents are paid their commission on new business by the multiplication of the first week's premium by 10, 15, or even 20 times. In some cases, as, for instance, where the first week's premium is 3*d*., commission may vary from 2*s*. 6*d*. to 5*s*., but of course that commission would have to be refunded or partially refunded if the premium is discontinued before at least a sufficient number of weeks' premiums had been collected to make up the amount paid as commission. It was alleged, therefore, that agents of different companies, working in friendly collusion, made money for themselves out of their companies by going round aiding and abetting the transfer of their own policy holders from one office to another, so that each agent might draw new commission. The alleged result was that as soon as a wretched policy holder had been a few weeks in one company or society, he was persuaded to go to another company and begin all over again. This sounds fantastic, but it may have happened. The provisions of the new Act will have the effect of preventing its occurrence in the future, without a great deal of trouble being involved in the shape of transfer forms from one office to another. Formal notices must be given to each office concerned, and notices of relief from liability by the office which the man has left have to be served upon him. Here again the Act may do good if the grievance alleged existed to any extent.

Provision is also made for the settlement of disputes by the County Court or a Court of Summary Jurisdiction in the district where the policy holder resides, provided the claim does not exceed £25. This extends the similar provisions of the Friendly Societies Acts of 1896 to cover the whole field of industrial assurance. Alternatively a dispute may be referred to the Commissioner.

In this fashion the new Act clears away the many

possibilities of grievance which were alleged by the individuals in State employ and out of it who hoped to break up the whole system of industrial assurance as carried on in this country and to hand it over to a Government Department.

To give an idea of what this would mean, there is already an industrial scheme attached to the Post Office which has been working for 57 years. The annual premium income under that scheme amounts, after 57 years of existence, to £18,766, whereas the annual industrial premium income of the Prudential Company, which is worked by private enterprise, amounts to close on £14,500,000. The total income of the industrial companies amounts to close on £36,000,000 a year. It would have been utterly impossible for any State organisation to obtain such a degree of success. Indeed, there are few better illustrations of the failure of State enterprise than in this very attempt to effect industrial assurance. It had every advantage. The Post Offices are crowded from morning until night with people of every class coming in to transact business of every sort and kind. The rates are favourable and should have attracted insurers. But the red tape of State management rendered progress impossible, and discouragement in high places broke the hearts of those few officials who really tried to put flesh on the dead bones of the State scheme.

The Character of a Fine Gentleman

By H. C. Irwin

A FINE gentleman, in the true and natural sense of the expression, is, *pace* Pope, a nobler work of God than an honest man; for the greater includes the less. A gentleman is necessarily an honest man, but not every honest man is a gentleman, and still less a "fine" gentleman. The latter, indeed, is rare, and anyone who can count half a dozen such among his friends may consider himself favoured. No one can fill the bill who does not combine in an exceptional degree a number of qualities many of which are, unhappily, exceptional. He must, to begin with, be emphatically a man of *honour*, according to Wordsworth's definition of the word—"the finest sense of justice which the human mind can frame." He must have perfect manners, without being *maniéré*. He must be entirely at his ease alike with his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors in social position. A fool-proof and bore-proof temper is an almost indispensable part of his equipment. Clean living, courage, unselfishness, kindness, generosity, considerateness are essential, and dandyism, insolence, and superciliousness entirely alien to him. Beau Brummell was the very antithesis of a fine gentleman. Fineness, not superfineness, must be the prevailing note of his character. He must be incapable of taking anything even remotely approaching an unfair advantage of anyone. If buying, he will prefer to give more rather than less than the fair value of the thing bought, and if selling, to take rather less than more. With him men and women, old or young, wise or simple, children and animals must be equally safe. Only the necessary modicum of the self-protective instinct can be allowed him. Dutifulness (*pietas*) and reverence for all that deserves veneration must be deeply ingrained in his composition. He should—for himself at least—be something of a Stoic, but his stoicism must not be carried to such inhuman lengths as are reached in some of the recorded sayings

of Epictetus. Whatever his theological views, he must have the religious temper, and if he cherishes any private heresies, he must be heretical "with grace." His virtues are to be possessed and practised modestly and unostentatiously, yet with something of the grand style.

But with all this he need not, and should not, be a "faultily faultless" monster of perfection. Some amiable weaknesses may be condoned and, indeed, welcomed. He need not be "accomplished" or artistic or literary—though some acquaintance with "the best that has been thought and said in the world" is desirable, as also, though not indispensable, are a sense of humour and an intelligence above the average.

The fine gentleman must, as a rule, reach the age of maturity—say, thirty, or thirty-five, or even forty, according to his personal equation—before he can attain his full development. The first "hey-day in the blood" must have subsided and adequate knowledge of the world and experience of life have been acquired. Till then he can hardly be more than a fine *young* gentleman, which is not quite the same thing. He may be found in any rank of life, and in any profession or occupation, but more frequently, perhaps, among soldiers, sailors, statesmen (as distinct from mere politicians), scholars, churchmen, and country gentlemen.

Not very many of the great men of antiquity known to us seem to have deserved the title of fine gentlemen. Pericles, possibly; Cimon, perhaps; Plato, Socrates, Xenophon, and Scipio Africanus, more probably. Pompeius Magnus started well. Plutarch speaks of his "temperate way of living . . . his eloquent and persuasive address, his strict honour and fidelity, and the easiness of access to him upon all occasions. No man was ever less importunate in asking favours, or more gracious in conferring them. When he gave it was without arrogance, and when he received it was with dignity. . . . His grace of aspect was not unattended with dignity, and with his youthful bloom he had a venerable and princely air." But this fair promise was tarnished by much of his later life. Julius Cæsar, again, may have been a great, but hardly a fine, gentleman, owing to his lack of what Matthew Arnold in his *Essay on Heine* calls "the old-fashioned,

laborious, eternally needful moral deliverance," which was so conspicuously attained by Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, probably the two noblest characters of whom ancient Rome can boast.

In our own history there have been few finer gentlemen than Sir Philip Sidney, Lucius Cary, afterwards Lord Falkland, and in later days Lord Althorp. Of our trans-Atlantic cousins, Washington needs only to be named to secure his admission to the order. Lord Moira, afterwards first Marquess of Hastings, will be accorded a place by all readers of his *Private Journal*, written while he was Governor-General of India. Among Anglo-Indian worthies the honour may be claimed for Sir Henry Laurence, Sir James Outram (the Bayard of India), Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Robert Montgomery, and, though his temper was rather too much on the violent side, John Nicholson.

In the long roll of Shakespeare's men, how many can be included among fine gentlemen? Selections would vary according to the taste of the selector, but the claims of Hector, and of Hamlet's bosom friend, Horatio, in whom " blood and judgement were so well commingled," would probably be generally admitted. Othello might, as Jowett said of Browning when discussing his rank as a poet, be accorded " a shady first." In the early parts of the play he certainly comes up to the standard, but his too credulous surrender to the wiles of Iago and the savagery with which he murders Desdemona pull him down.

Of the fine gentlemen of English fiction none rank higher than Colonel Newcome and Henry Esmond. If the latter was ever really called a " prig " by his creator, it must surely have been in some strange mood of disenchantment with his own work. It has become a commonplace to say that Dickens could not depict a gentleman, but Joe Gargery in his own way was very like one, and what, except perhaps occasional excesses of whimsicality, is wrong with Mr. Jarndyce of *Bleak House*? The Master of Ravenswood must certainly be placed on the list, and that other " Master," James Durie of Ballantrae, might have been a fine gentleman if he had not deliberately preferred the *rôle* of a fine scoundrel.

Bernard Shaw as a Thinker (iv)

By Henry Arthur Jones

On Stupidity

We have seen that Mr. Shaw seems to be ignorant that there is an obvious material cause for that uncertainty of daily bread for more than a year, which is the unvarying lot of large numbers in every community. He notices, however, that it has occurred in all past civilisations. He ascribes it to the stupidity of the leisured and educated class.

Mr. Shaw will not think me unfair to this class, if I credit them with selfishness as well as stupidity. And I dare say he won't mind if I add idleness to their other bad qualities. He will not object if I point out that many of them are shamefully wasteful. To sum them up further, I ask his leave to denounce a proportion of them as incurably vicious. Doubtless, all these qualities are inextricably mingled in their characters, and form part of the general diathesis of this recurring type in all past civilisations, which Mr. Shaw proposes to abolish in all future civilisations. Seeing that stupidity is the commonest and most persistent malady of our race, and seeing that Mr. Shaw has specially noticed it in this leisured class to the exclusion of all their other bad qualities, we will mark them down as obstinate blockheads, who, being free from anxiety about their daily bread, and having leisure and education, abuse these privileges to prevent Mr. Shaw from arranging the world as he would like to arrange it—that is, in defiance of economic laws.

To free a sober, dry discussion like this from diverting personalities, thus to allow us a more detached view of these obnoxious persons, we will no longer call them buffle-headed Henry Arthur Jugginses. Not that I mind being called a buffle-headed Juggins by a person on Mr. Shaw's level of discernment, any more than I mind being called "three pennyworth of catsmeat" by a person on Mr. Wells's level of refinement. I treasure all these trinkets and felicities of expression.

Mr. Shaw's charge, reduced to its shortest, clearest terms, is this: "Every civilisation has been unsound and has perished because it has had a leisured and educated class who have been stupid. Therefore, communal laws have not been passed, and therefore nine-tenths of the population have never been provided with daily bread made from corn that hasn't yet been grown." There is some suspicion of a *non sequitur*. We will pass it, and ask our Minister of Education to notice, that Mr. Shaw confirms the ample demonstration of his Department, that education is no cure for stupidity. Indeed, Mr. Shaw indicates some association between education and stupidity, and goes further than myself when he implies that education is the cause of stupidity.

The first thing I will ask Mr. Shaw to observe is, that stupidity is not one of the exclusive privileges of the leisured and educated class. Stupidity is like the encasing air. It is free for all classes to draw an immeasurable intake. We absorb it naturally and unconsciously from our mental environment. Stupidity is like Mercy. It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven upon us all. It descendeth upon the just and the unjust, the righteous and the wicked. It is twice cursed. It curses him that imparts it, and him that receives it. It is a frequent attribute to awe and majesty, and even more than Mercy, it seasons Justice. Stupidity has one supreme distinction. After all our vain tramplings upon each other to obtain equality, we may claim to have achieved some approach to it, in the fairly equal distribution of stupidity amongst all classes and all members of the population. I will not, without further investigation, pronounce that the quantity and quality of the stupidity of the leisured and educated class are higher on the average than the quantity and quality of the stupidity of the other classes. Judging from the sentence we are here dissecting, it appears that Mr. Shaw holds the present popular opinion, that stupidity is confined to the leisured and educated class. This is going too far. All that we can cautiously assert is, that there is a vast amount of stupidity amongst mankind, and that it is partly accountable for the very uncomfortable circumstances in which many of us find ourselves. But if Mr. Shaw has any care for his reputation, he will surely not

cavil because stupidity is prevalent in the nations where he is popular. He has many admirers amongst the buffle-headed educated classes.

We have seen that for the purpose of putting all the blame for undesirable social conditions upon the leisured educated class, and for the purpose of hastening the blessed time when communal laws shall be enacted all over the earth, Mr. Shaw entirely ignores the very plain fact that stupidity also exists amongst other classes. His sentence is meaningless and absurd, contains neither argument nor sense, if any considerable amount of stupidity exists outside the leisured and educated class. For surely the stupidity of the middle and lower classes, which Mr. Shaw has altogether overlooked, and which undoubtedly exists, must, according to its amount and quality, exercise its baleful effects upon the whole community.

In the absence of scientific instruments for correctly measuring stupidity, it is not unfair to assume that it is equally distributed amongst all classes. Now according to Mr. Shaw's rough estimate, this objectionable leisured and educated class numbers about one in ten of the population. Therefore, so far as stupidity is the cause of deplorable social conditions, these other classes must be responsible for causing nine times as much mischief as the leisured educated class.

But I have claimed, and I hope that Mr. Shaw will allow, that these leisured educated people are, many of them, not only stupid, but also selfish, idle, wasteful and vicious. I should like to think that this leisured educated class has a monopoly of these other detestable qualities. It is a creed that is widely spread amongst our electorate, and guides much of our legislation. But here again, we must own that much selfishness, idleness, waste and vice are to be found in the remaining nine-tenths of the population. And here again, it would be difficult to prove that on the average they are less guilty or more unfortunate in these respects than the leisured educated class. It is a sad state of affairs all round. I see no remedy for it, except that Mr. Wells should continue to write at even greater length about the "supremacy of order and justice," and "freedom from error and passion"; and that Mr. Bryan on the other side of the Atlantic, with an equal grasp of social

economy and a more flamboyant taste in metaphor, should continue to reproach his countrymen for "crucifying people on golden crosses."

With all these bad qualities more or less rampant and operative in all classes, it is little wonder that all civilisations have been more or less unsound, and that a great number of deserving people in all ages have not been sure of daily bread made from corn that hasn't yet been grown. Some consolation we may get by revising our estimate of human nature. If we may truthfully say that all classes, even the labouring class, are more or less afflicted with stupidity, selfishness, idleness, extravagance and vice; so with equal truth we may affirm that all classes offer on occasion, conspicuous proofs of wisdom, unselfishness, magnanimity, industry, thrift and virtue. "The web of our life," says Shakespeare, "is a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues."

Each class and each nation is constantly weaving out of its environment a variegated web of social character and conduct. So, more discernibly, is every human being. Every human character is a variable compound, in widely differing proportions, of the same opposing good and bad qualities. To rail at the changeless basic elements of human character is to batter the air in a futile attempt to batter ourselves. Porson had one good round compact oath, handy for all emergencies. If his bootlace broke, he did not curse the bootlace or the man who made it. If he slipped up on a piece of orange peel, he did not curse the peel or the pavement, or the boy who threw down the peel. Porson always went straight for the real culprit, and volleyed out: "Damn the nature of things!" Porson, unlike Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, was aware of the eternal universal concatenation of things. It may relieve us to unpack ourselves of curses. But it is plainly useless to damn the nature of things. And it is plainly absurd to damn anything or anybody else. Social philosophers, like Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, cloud the air with objurgations of the primal facts of life and human character. I have already settled the question of his absurdity with Mr. Wells—amicably, I hope. Since coming to an agreement

with him on the matter, he has generously continued to furnish me with lavish additional proofs. But I am already fully informed and convinced, and he may now desist.

Mr. Shaw is not less absurd when, in substantial agreement with Mr. Wells, he ascribes the admitted grievous social conditions of many of our workers to the stupidity of the leisured educated class and to Capitalist Laws. These are the favourite popular doctrines, and the prevalent delusions of many of the workers themselves. There is a great excuse for the workers. They fall most severely under the operation of the immitigable law: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread." Finding themselves oppressed by its ruthless unequal incidence, they turn upon their employers, who are the visible and palpable exponents and administrators of the law. And many of these employers do most unfairly increase the rigours of the law to their own advantage. When a man is wedged in a crowd, he may be forgiven for not nicely discriminating the remote cause that has assembled the crowd, and for laying the whole blame for his discomfort upon the person who happens to be next to him. But that person is also wedged in the crowd, even if he is unfairly shoving to get more room for himself. The workers may be excused for not rightly estimating the general situation. Not so Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, who, having leisure and education for social criticism, remain buffle-headed.

The mischief is that the undesirable social conditions of our workers are aggravated by their prevalent delusions that their privations and discomforts are caused by the stupidity and selfishness of the leisured class, and that they can be removed by the abolition of Capitalist Laws. While these delusions are taught to our workers as the first axioms of political science, in vain shall we look for any amelioration of their condition. Their ills and miseries will but increase. Until the true causes are perceived, there will be no search for the true remedies for such of human ills as can be remedied or eased. It is the workers themselves who will be the worst sufferers, as in a crowd it is the weakest who go first to the wall and get most badly crushed.

The Richest Man in the World *

By Albert Kinross

A REVOLUTIONARY, no matter how useful and beneficial his opinions, is bound to make a crowd of enemies. And Henry Ford is certainly the greatest revolutionary of the present day. He is head and shoulders above the rest because he has practised rather than preached. He has demonstrated his theories instead of talking about them. And now, after twenty years of stupendous and uniform success, he has set down on paper the root ideas of his mission. For it is as a missionary that he regards himself rather than as a manufacturer. He has taken all the accepted economic and commercial ideas and turned them upside down. He has stated a new theory of business, and in practice he has proved that Socialist and ordinary capitalist are alike in that each is at the mercy of a false system of economics. So, naturally, Henry Ford has made a host of enemies. It is worth a trip to the United States to hear them.

In Europe one hardly realises the potence of the man. His is a name associated with the most popular brand of automobile. I suppose half the cars in Europe are his cars. Tariffs cannot keep them out, nor custom stale their infinite uniformity. But in America Ford is politics, economics, a Messiah, and the very devil. A versatile man, apparently. He is discussed as the next President, standing independently and above the mechanism of parties. The death of President Harding and the advent of so unexpected and capable a figure as Coolidge has, I fancy, devastated his chances. To the great joy of the " educated " classes, who regard Ford as little better than a public danger. His famous cross-examination is for ever quoted against him.

* *My Life and Work.* By Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net.

Irritated by a Chicago newspaper, he sued it for libel, and was honest enough to admit that in his opinion history was "bunk"; that he was unacquainted with the date of the American Revolution; and that he was unable to distinguish between Benedict Arnold and Arnold Bennett. To-day many good Americans shudder at the prospect of having so illiterate a President foisted upon the nation. Not so the common people, however, who, very logically, look upon Ford and prosperity as one and the same thing. And apart from the man's "ignorance," there is his newspaper, *The Dearborn Independent*. I have read several copies of this sheet; but am I the right audience? Having "cut out booze," it appears, the American must now cut out tobacco. In a series of unconvincing articles, obviously written by a perspiring gentleman in his shirt-sleeves and at the end of a 15 cent cigar, this course is urged with arguments that might equally well apply to hats, socks, umbrellas, and breakfast foods. Cut out these and you will save enough money to buy something more useful. A Ford car, for instance. Or, again, one is regaled with the equally pernicious influence of the Jews, or the solid qualities of the Germans. Here Ford got in a particularly good one against his own people, who were making an uncommon to-do about that latest American triumph, the *Leviathan*. The *Dearborn Independent* pointed out that this ship was German built and German designed, and nobody could contradict it.

Yet the real Henry Ford is hardly to be found in these diversions. Read his book, and you get a truer picture of the man. It is really a great book and in many ways epoch-making. It embodies a far truer Socialism than the Socialism of our Labour members, in that it dispenses with the wasteful processes of calling in the "State"; it embodies a far truer capitalism than the capitalism of our experts, in that it discovers wages as being the least item in a studied cost of production. Ford is a great reconciler as well as a great inventor.

Stated briefly, his theory is that machinery produces wealth beyond the productivity of the individual worker; and so the more machinery you use the more wealth you produce. This enables him to pay the worker a minimum wage of six dollars a day, or, say, about £400 a year. He

believes that the workman free from anxiety is the best kind of workman, capable of a maximum output. So if prices have to be cut the difference must be sought in methods that reduce the cost of manufacture, and not in reductions which impair the efficiency of the worker. His ingenuity in finding such methods is one of the major secrets of his success. He is for ever on the track of waste, be it time, space, effort, or the more obvious waste of incidental material. Even the packing cases which arrive at the Ford works from outside plants have to meet a certain specification. They come unscrewed and are at once built into the flooring of the car.

The cheaper the car the more users you supply, and in the end it pays. Such is Ford's theory, and he has proved it. The more you decentralise, the better it pays. It is cheaper to assemble the cars at certain selected points than to turn them all out from one and the same centre. Ford argues, and argues convincingly, against the big city. He is, by the way, about the only American business man who does. He wants the work near the man, the man near the work, and not an hour's tram-ride night and morning.

Every page of his book is full of ideas, and each idea is full of meat. A practical farmer who makes farming pay, he has much to say about farming; a practical railroad operator who makes railroading pay, he has much to say about transportation; a practical and original financier, he has much to say about finance. One of the most interesting passages in his book deals with the working capacity of men usually regarded as disabled. He has found that in the Ford works there is full-time room and full-time pay for blind men, deaf and dumb men, epileptics, and one-armed and one-legged men. It is mainly a question of finding the job to suit the man.

Charity and poverty alike fill him with impatience; in a well-managed world, he argues, the one would not exist and so there would be no occasion for the other. On both issues he is worth reading and always the practical reformer. In the Henry Ford Trade School, for instance, his boys are earning "from 19 to 35 cents an hour."

One may argue against the man that his theories are for ever founded on mass production; that in a Henry Ford

world we would all be clothed alike, feed alike, and perhaps look alike. Which, after all, is much what Socialism proposes to do to us, with the ever-wasteful "State" in charge of the works, mills, and other sources of production. Ford doesn't mind this standardisation. With some truth, he asserts that 95 per cent. of us are standardised already, so why bother about the other five who are well able to take care of themselves? They are the Rolls-Royces.

One closes this interesting and very vital volume wondering whether the Patagonian archæologist of three thousand years hence, digging among the ruins of Chicago, will be more interested in unearthing a bronze by St. Gaudens, or a new lyric by Edgar Allan Poe, than by the recovery of a rusted yet authentic "flivver." Mr. Ford, very rightly, has no doubts about it.

Retrospect

By E. B. W. Chappelow

I WILL turn my face towards the West,
The holy West where childhood's visions are,
The simple things, the things brim full of rest,
The little Child, the Magi and the Star.
I will forget this bitter land of lies,
This cockpit of a myriad jarring sects,
Where greed flares up and beauty sinks and dies.
I will forget it; my heart recollects
There was a time when to each answering wind
It rang out halloo, while the shining leas,
That dipped all rapture to the water's edge,
Were faerie lands immortally enshrined
In youth's transcendent dreams, and 'mid the sedge
Pan piped an ancient song, a song of peace.

The Triumph of "Hassan"

By Horace Shipp

"HASSAN" has succeeded. Of that there can be no doubt. Before each performance the harassed deities of the box office argue helplessly with optimistic pilgrims from places as remote as Tunbridge Wells, who are sure there is "room somewhere." But there isn't. Even when the pilgrims offer to endure the martyrdom of standing through the three hours' traffic of the stage, they are informed that others have earned that privilege, and they have perforce to join the stream of disappointed enthusiasts who move regretfully from the overflowing pit and packed gallery. An English poet has found his place on the English stage in the most genuinely popular of the London theatres.

Deservedly? One hesitates a little before returning an affirmative, for along with the memory of the beauty of some of Flecker's lines and the instinctive stage craftsmanship of some of his scenes comes the thought of the audience shaking with laughter at the simile of a girl's hips being like water-melons, and again at Yasmin's first refusal to unveil. "Do you take me for a Christian?" she asks, and the audience explodes into mirth. Then one realises the significance of the fact that someone has queried of *Hassan*: "It's the Oscar Asche kind of thing, isn't it?" Is it possible that its success comes from the heritage of *Chu Chin Chow*? Has a poet really triumphed, or is it such a bitter success as Hassan himself found at the court of the Caliph—a success based on chance favour and false values? True, there are throughout the piece things of memorable loveliness. Delius' music (through which the audience chatter with determined unintelligence), the choreography of Fokine's ballet, occasional stage groupings and pictures, and again and again the sheer poetry of Flecker's lines. In the quieter passages particularly is the magic of the poetry present, and one was assailed with doubt as to how much of that magic was

potent. Sometimes there could be no doubt that the conscious artistic intention of poet and producer was achieving the effect desired. The final picture, when Hassan and his companion, having tasted the bitter-sweet of court favour, have turned away from its basic falseness to test the real values of life on the golden road to Samarkand, is a climax of true loveliness. With a stage picture of abiding beauty in its own *genre*, the grouping of a kaleidoscopic stage crowd and the rolling poetry of Flecker's lyric, the climax is an assured triumph. So, too, with much else through the play, but analysis revealed how much of that success was due to the spectacular value, the masque-like quality with which Flecker has invested the work, and to the splendid temptation of which the producers have succumbed. There are moments—for example, at the assembling of the Divan—when the action stays while the stage picture is built up, and then the piece comes perilously near the camel reviews of recent memory. Sometimes, of course, this pageantry justifies its existence in the creation of the atmosphere necessary for carrying on the dramatic intention. One does not question the Ballet of the Beggars, or that other of the Warriors, because these things are not only themselves the highest stage art, but (at least in the first of these) the dramatic action is advanced by the means employed. The poet realises that the art of the stage can at some moments dispense with his medium of words. This is again true at the introduction of the Procession of Protracted Death. The whole of that became a poet's symbol for the too-hideous reality which it was necessary to convey. *Hassan* affords an excellent example of the use and abuse of the spectacular, and where it fails in this way it is because it makes mere outward show an end in itself.

If one were to criticise the actual writing of the piece it would be this same quality in the terms of literature which one would stigmatise as a fault. There are times when Flecker's language becomes words—luscious, heavily-beautiful words—but nevertheless words which hold the senses bound to their external beauty to the detriment of their value as symbols of reality. There is, too, the very serious fault that the play breaks completely in the middle, and only at the end picks up the forgotten

theme of the confectioner's tragedy. But Flecker's writing can stand. Reading the play, one realises that it was essentially the work of a young poet, intoxicated with beauty and romance, capable, had death not intervened, of deeper work than this piece, but lavish with the splendid largesse of his artist's fervour.

Moreover, he believed in romance. That belief gleams through the play like a golden light skilfully illuminating the arabesque of his words, and it is that which more than all else is making *Hassan* a success. There is somewhere in the play a dialogue between Haroun al Raschid and Hassan upon poetry, where Hassan assures his patron that to working men and tradesfolk poetry is an essential escape from the facts of their existence, whilst to princes it is a mere embellishment. Perhaps, when all is said, that is the real secret of the success of such a play as *Hassan*. Joy, energy, and intelligence, Romain Rolland has demanded in the theatre as the essentials. But that is for an audience who can bring to the theatre those very qualities; and, watching the audience which foregathered for *Hassan*, I realised that the piece was rather a narcotic than a stimulant—a way out of life rather than a way into fuller realisation. The East, which, with its colour skilfully sentimentalised by the stage art of George Harris, offers a delightful contrast to drab November London; the all-for-love passions of Bagdad crashing above the rather humdrum, calculated, emotional affairs of modern life—all this melodramatic game of life, death and passion, this playing with the lives of men as an artist plays with colours, offer for three hours escape from existence.

Success is not to be attained in our tired age by stimulating the mind with facts actual or poetic, but by doping it with narcotics. Perhaps Flecker himself conceived his play in the grand manner. I suspect that he did. As one reads his lines, his story of the confectioner who through success and failure found true values in life, and that inner story of two people who could give all for a brief passion, have something of the heroic ring. On the stage at His Majesty's, however, the heroic ring has mysteriously diminished, and the senses are pleasantly tittivated. Yet even with the beauty turned to mere loveliness, *Hassan* remains a poet's play.

Pillory

The Surrender of the Navy League

Nearly thirty years ago, in the days as it were of another world, the Navy League came into being. To use the phrase of a writer, who at that time had flashed his brilliance into the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "it was by Spenser Wilkinson out of the *P.M.G.*" It arose, that is, from a series of articles on the subject of the command of the sea penned by that real thinker in the newspaper named. The object assigned to it in the mind of Professor Wilkinson was to urge the creation of a Naval Staff, having at its head a great sea officer whose special function should be to inform the Government of the nature and amount of naval force required to secure the national safety, having regard to the allies whose help might be expected, and the enemies whose hostility was to be feared.

This object, however, was abandoned, after much keen discussion, by the Navy League's executive committee, on the ground that it was too recondite to win public support. The aim became simpler: it was the advocacy of the full maintenance of the Two Power standard. To attain success in that task it was necessary to explain to the people of England, and if possible also to her children in the autonomous States, that sea power was as the very breath of their life and that, without it, nothing but the most abject overthrow would await them in the next great war. Moreover, as the Government of England, on which nearly the whole burden of naval defence necessarily fell, was by party Ministries, manifest need existed to draw public attention to any failure by any such Ministry to sustain our naval strength. These purposes were, of course, political in the truest sense of the term, in that they were concerned—and concerned intimately—with the very existence of the State.

For some time the controllers of the Navy League

faithfully pursued the path which they had thus marked out. By public agitation, for instance, they brought about the removal from the Navy List of sixteen obsolete ironclads, armed with muzzle-loading guns, one of these being actually the old *Warrior*, the first we ever launched, which, though a mere hulk, destitute even of engines, still figured as a first-class cruiser. Nor was the work of the League confined to this country. Branches were formed in many parts of the Empire, and from 1902 to 1904 a volunteer envoy, one of its executive committee, preached the gospel of sea power in the Dominions, visiting in turn Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, with marked results in the way of increased support for the League, and of promises in certain cases from the Governments of Dominions (then still termed Colonies) of increased contribution to naval defence.

When, however, the General Election of January, 1906, placed a Radical Ministry in power, and when that Ministry, in accordance with its election pledges, proceeded to cut down the Naval estimates, the executive committee, in spite of the determined efforts of a minority of its members, shirked the obvious duty of resisting naval reduction on the plea, first of weakness, and secondly of the possibility of losing supporters if they attempted to fulfil it. After fierce internal controversy, a schism occurred. Several members resigned and two of them devoted themselves to the creation of a new organisation, the Imperial Maritime League, which took up the forsaken work of the original body. This was the League which fought the Declaration of London and succeeded in preventing its ratification, through the rejection of the Naval Prize Bill by the House of Lords in 1911. Had that Bill been passed and the Declaration ratified, as our Foreign Office under Lord (then Sir Edward) Grey desired, the blockade of Germany would have been impossible. The Navy League failed to render any aid in this matter.

When the Great War flung its red flame on the world, the dire effects of the naval reductions against which the Navy League had failed to protest became at once apparent. In 1906 we had been about three and a half times as strong as Germany in regard to destroyers. In 1914 we were numerically scarcely more than even. Hence

it was that cruisers had to be employed to do the work of those vitally necessary craft, and hence again it came about that in the early days of the struggle the three *Cressys* were sunk and some fifteen hundred superb officers and men drowned. It is well within the limit of hard fact to say that, for every million pounds taken off the maintenance of the Fleet during the eight years of Radical administration preceding the war, ten million pounds worth of shipping and cargoes were lost to ill-starred England. Probably, indeed, the proportion is much higher. Never was economy more foolish and seldom more pernicious.

While the war lasted no agitation was required to urge upon the nation its extreme need of naval power. Itself, its armies, its food, its munitions were all dependent alike upon its naval strength. But for the British Navy the German Beast would now be master of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia. But no lesson, however plain, no experience, however dire, seems able to teach anything to our politicians. When the war was over, an immense reduction of naval war expenditure was, of course, necessary. No one out of an asylum could have wished to maintain several thousand auxiliary craft in commission, or to go on spending three hundred millions a year on the Navy. But that necessary reduction should have stopped short of destroying our margin of superiority over any other fleet. "Our naval superiority has just saved us: let us abolish it." was in effect the cry of our "statesmen" when they bowed the knee at Washington and yielded the trident in response to the "bluff" of the United States. That Power had discovered that eight out of seventeen super-Dreadnoughts which they had under construction were complete failures. Therefore, since they were thus prevented from outbuilding us, the brilliant idea occurred to their chiefs of inviting us to scrap a great part of the Navy which had just saved the world. No one could possibly have been more obliging than either Lord Balfour or Mr. Lloyd George, and England's grip on the sea power vital to her own existence and that of her Empire was almost instantly unclasped, having lasted since the date of the Spanish Armada—334 years.

Where was the Navy League when this nation-shaking surrender was made? It was on the side of the surren-

derers: it was the "devil's advocate." No betrayal, not even that of British authority in Ireland by Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead, was ever more complete. It is because we feel strongly that, in the public interest, betrayals such as this should not go unnoticed and unblamed, that we have decided this month thus to place in our pillory the Navy League committee, which was guilty of this terrible dereliction of duty. The League has now, we believe, a committee wholly, or at least largely, new. If it will cease to shirk political activity, which is its essential function, because it confuses it with party activity, which is not—and if it will in future strive for the restoration of such naval strength as may still be possible—even the miserable One Power standard is not in reality being maintained—then we wish it well. But why, in its full-page advertisement in *The Times* of October 20th, does it say that "Nelson finally secured for Britain that command of the sea which has never since been lost"? It was lost at Washington.

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Books

AGRICULTURE.

THE PLACE OF AGRICULTURE IN THE LIFE OF THE NATION. By V. A. MALCOLMSON. (With a foreword by the Rt. Hon. The Viscount Milner, K.G., G.C.B.) Price 3*d.* (18*s.* per 100). Messrs. P. G. King and Son, Ltd., 2, Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.

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employment, and Agriculture on an Empire basis, he anticipates, with lucid exposition of the basic facts, many of the problems which have been so forcibly stated by Mr. Bruce at the Imperial Economic Conference.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

DON JUAN DE MARANA. By ARNOLD BENNETT. T. Fisher Unwin. 63*s*.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT is the latest of the Fisher Unwin immortals, and he well deserves the imperishable crown of real rag paper and all the concomitants of printers and binders permanence. His Don Juan is a wise selection for a futurity to which the charm of the Fuz-towns may be as tinkling cymbals. Woman is surely an everlasting theme, the drama a perpetual form (at least for the study), and *Don Juan* himself an evergreen subject. All this is modestly apprehended in the preface, wherein Mr. Bennett is careful to dissociate himself from the swinish "Tenorio." *De Marana* is a much more impressive character, happily found buried in Dumas—these authors from the Midlands, W. S. and A. B., take their subjects where they find them—so this *Don Juan* has scruples, religion and ideals consistent with his late XVI. century epoch; he is searching for the perfect woman, and, having found, impressed, and abducted the lady, he is naturally shocked by her suicide for a scruple which he does not share. Thereafter in an attempted seduction of a nun, to whom he gets a most promising introduction, he comes up against conscience, and retires to repent. This last scene is the weak spot in a finely developed study, and looks like a concession to contemporary sentiment for the cinema censor, but it is difficult to dispose of grants or to mount a climax to compete with hell. These smoke-wreathed victims, in a gloomy church, with organ music, might get it across, but it reads rather like bathos. As for the rest, the first three acts are remarkably fine in a theatrical as well as a literary sense, and the Don Juan a nobly circumstanced creature of magnificence who talks and acts like the very fine Spanish *magnifico* he is; but he is the last person to be the victim of subjective cerebration, and one cannot imagine Mr. Bennett seriously supernatural; however, the Don departs in peace to repent at leisure at the close of this transformation scene, and thus makes an end. No finer example of Arnold Bennett's genius and limitations could be desired than this privately printed series of typographical perfection affords.

THE LETTERS OF JEAN ARMITTER. By UNA L. SILBERRAD. Hutchinson. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE latent fun in this series of letters more than redeems a form which is not always successful. Jean Armitter, a spinster of 36, is one of those unselfish, quiet women who are the natural prey of their married sisters and brothers, who scheme for their own convenience under the guise of giving her a good time. She has a good time, because she has lots of sympathy to give and a sense of humour to make the giving good fun. The family atmosphere is admirably

suggested, and the rough diamond uncle is quite a gem. A genuinely amusing and sympathetic story.

CARLYLE TILL MARRIAGE. By D. A. WILSON. Kegan Paul. 15*s.* net.

THIS first volume of this new life sufficiently demonstrates Mr. Wilson's pertinacious pursuit of facts. What he thinks of Froude and his methods we all may know, for the slump in Carlyle is laid at his door. That there is a slump few will deny. Americans and Japanese are the chief pilgrims to the delightful shrine in Chelsea, and youth has new gods nowadays. This is not entirely due to Froude, but, as we are, by degrees, getting back to the great Victorians, this remarkable compilation of sifted Carlylania is far more satisfying to the student and amusing to the general reader than a more set and consciously literary life could be. Mr. Wilson has very little use for inference and hypothesis; he has seen and corresponded with all those in a position to contribute to the stream of fact concerning Carlyle, his life, family and friends; being a Carlyle enthusiast he has collected Carlylia as some people collect coins or stamps, with the determination to write them down in their proper place when the Indian Civil released him. So here we get the result of long contemplation set forth pleasantly and with point, authorities given, and all according to Cocker; MSS. from five large and hitherto unpublished collections have been drawn upon as well as the more accessible sources. This monumental task has been done with enjoyment, which is plain to the reader, for it is communicated in the pleasing anecdotal allusiveness of the author's manner. Mr. Wilson's work when completed promises to be the future text book; in this volume there is a good subject index and four portraits—Maclise's "schoolmaster" drawing, a new etching of Jane from an unpublished printing, Margaret Gordon, and Kitty Kirkpatrick.

FICTION.

THE SLEEPER BY MOONLIGHT. By K. BALHERNIE. Constable. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS is, I think, Miss Balhernie's first novel, although readers of "The English Review" are familiar with her shorter writings. It is certainly a novel of high promise in the deliberately dispassionate style, which suggests evasive and intangible relationships and emotions, instead of relying upon more spectacular activities. Miss Balhernie postulates a relationship between her heroine "Katie" and Maurice Cavander (whose ostensible wife she is), so extremely strained by her false position, and his revolting egotism and intellectual snobbishness, which immediately makes the reader the partisan of her fragile beauty and strained nerves. The wholesome, stolid sailorman, who is her lifelong lover, and who comes upon her mental unrest at its crisis, is, next to the heroine, the most interesting figure in the small circle to which the story is confined. These two studies have real power in them, and the pre-ordained tragedy of their different views of goodness works itself out to its bitter end. Had the remaining

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characters possessed the authenticity of these two, the story would have been brilliant in its restrained perfection. As it is, it is a refreshingly picturesque and subtle promise of a future triumph.

CAPTURES. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. *7s. 6d.* net.

THESE captures are brilliant little novels and episodes through which Mr. Galsworthy has put his pen and fixed them for our delight as examples of the flying imaginings of a mind full of the lore of humanity. It is difficult to select any of the sixteen specimens as the rarest; they all come from the life of to-day—abounding in interest when exhibited by one who has the wit and wisdom to catch it flying. What strikes the reader is the technical perfection of such studies as "The Broken Boot, "Late 299," "Blackmail," and "Had a Horse," in which we get assured glimpses of stage life, prison life, desperate poverty, and an Oxford bookmaker. All have this remarkable quality of actuality of type and detail to salt their drama. This lighter and briefer form of a maker of masterpieces reveals Mr. Galsworthy in companionable mood, a sympathetic philosopher of humanity enjoying the varied spectacle of life with its astounding depths and curiously glancing surfaces. *Captures* is a set of short stories which no one should miss.

A Son at the Front. By Edith Wharton. Macmillan. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The American colony in Wartime Paris is the field, and the central interest the son of a divorced couple who, in the American manner, still preserve relations whilst competing for the boy's future interests. Technically French, the son is called to the colours just as his father, a painter with fame and fortune knocking late at his door, plans to get his son away from the wealthy banker who has married the mother and educated the boy. This competition turns to a combination to keep the boy out of danger, and, whilst giving a wonderful picture of true and sham war activities, Mrs. Wharton develops this extraordinarily delicate relationship of the husbands, and gradually converts their anxieties and wire-pullings to a nobler acceptance of the son's enthusiasm. This bare suggestion will indicate something of the scope and scheme of this remarkably fine book. Mrs. Wharton is one of a school of American writers, of which Henry James is the best known example here. We have nothing quite like it on this side so instinct with the politeness of European letters, dispassionately ironic in tone and masterly in its suggestive completeness.

Moordius and Co. By William J. Locke. Lane. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

Moordius is one of the most attractive villains of fiction. He has none of those qualities which make the "gods" hiss and throw oranges. He is plump, suave, and charmingly mannered; he does himself and everybody concerned with him delightfully well, and we meet him first as the benefactor of Timothy—a hero as deliciously honest and simple as Moordius is subtle and complex. Mr. Locke with his mondain completeness makes us believe all this, and watch the ensnarement of the spirited Suzanne with exquisite apprehension, whilst the latent charm of poor Valerie gradually emerges to console us and Timothy. The magnificent upholstery of this story and the consummate ease with which the reader's interest and emotions are handled will be appreciated by Mr. Locke's immense following. *Moordius and Co.* is an entertainment of the most delicate precision, sufficiently new in pattern, and of the well-known perfection of texture.

Together. By Norman Douglas. Chapman and Hall. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

A new book by Norman Douglas is always a delight, like a glass of very old wine, and this time he is in the company of a young Frenchman whom he is teaching French to, and they go to bucolic places in Austria. Here the author has two sources of fun—language and erudite reflections upon the spots of his childhood, which he revisited. The book reflects an attitude of life, a quaint mixture of undiluted boyishness tempered with the grace and knowledge of a *savant*. It is a Puckish outlook tinged with melancholy, yet curiously fascinating, for Mr. Douglas gets underneath the surface and writes with a masterly sureness. In other words, he has a style, quite distinctive and personal, which is the charm of the book. For his outlook is not wholly convincing. The story of his little sister breaking up her Christmas dolls is characteristic but hardly assimilable—at least one

trusts that it is merely *trovato*. Mr. Douglas is really unique as a writer in these days. He is never slipshod. He writes, like a good Frenchman, with a keen eye on form and love of expression.

SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA. By LOUIS GOLDING. Christophers. 7*s.* 6*d.*

AFTER the brilliant achievement of *Forward from Babylon*, any second novel by Mr. Golding was threatened with anti-climax, and if this fate has been averted it is because he has drawn upon his versatility for a piece of literature so entirely different as to defy comparison. In place of the poetic realism of the first book we have sheer fantasy; in place of a Rembrandtesque study of life, a flamboyant caricature of the art *poseurs* of London. The pseudo-artists and pseudo-*littérateurs*, the gabblers in the studios and *cafés*, are mercilessly dealt with, and Mr. Golding applies the salve of common sense to the exanthemata of art novelty and art theory. He draws his creatures in their haunts of Bohemian Central London, he sends them all seeking Arcadian salvation to the countryside, and then, in a final outburst of exuberant satire, he depicts the bowler-hatted, aspidistra-laden pilgrimage to the suburbs. Alongside that scathing picture of Bohemian futility Mr. Golding has a love story, which he skilfully keeps in tone with the fantastic rest without spoiling its charm. The value of the book is in its amusing and often brilliant writing, and its implied advocacy of

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sanity in art and the art life; its error that it deals with a race almost as rare as the dodo. Young gentlemen from the Provinces spend hopeless evenings searching for the Bohemian haunts which Mr. Golding draws so romantically, and it was cruel of him to raise their hopes again.

UNDER LONDON. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Macmillan. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

ONE does not hear much in novels about submerged London, especially about boys whom civilisation affects to regard like young bullocks who ought to be thankful if there is a field of grass provided for them. And this is the point of Mr. Stephen Graham's new novel. He shows us a collection of boys in school in London, and gets underneath. They differ enormously. It is a good thing to have an intelligent insight into the likes of those boys who suffer quite as much as grown people. The author has avoided the sex problem, yet he brings out lots of things not usually touched upon, and does not use a pot-boiler's brush. And so we get a pleasing book which is a faithful record and one which the writer has evidently thought about. The book runs along fluently and ends with the war, which engulfed so many boys, poor, bad and indifferent.

UNCANNY STORIES. By MAY SINCLAIR. Hutchinson and Co. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE uncanny is a curious subject, for treatment is the essential, and the illusion depends upon manner far more than upon the matter. In these stories the matter is very strong. All the stories are uncanny, almost too uncanny, but May Sinclair somewhat spoils the effect by a manner which is peculiarly modern in its incisiveness and directness, and really is not suitable for the atmosphere of weirdness, which demands an elusive and pensive presentation.

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the author more than the hero. Felix's mother warms one a bit, and the tragi-comedy of his father and Grumps takes hold for a bit; but *Felix* is disappointing from the author of *Coquette*.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE. With Introduction by HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER. Illustrated by ALBERT RUTHERSTON. The Players Shakespeare. Benn Bros. 4 guineas.

IT is Messrs. Benn Brothers' plan, in connection with their magnificent reprints of the First Folio, to publish approximately four volumes a year, and those who possess the previously published *Macbeth* and *The Merchant of Venice* will have awaited eagerly the appearance of the third. *Cymbeline* is now added. It is of especial interest in that the art editor of the whole series—Mr. Albert Rutherston—has himself supplied the *décor*. One uses the theatrical term because it is of the essence of these volumes that they should be illustrated by projected stage-designs for scenes and costumes rather than by book illustrations in the accepted sense. Mr. Rutherston's reputation as scene-designer and theatre-man and as a decorative artist guarantees alike the beauty and practical interest of such a work in his hands. He has excellently caught what Granville-Barker calls in the preface "the romantic and slightly bizarre mood with which Shakespeare has informed the play"; and particularly in the sets where he has used the decorated curtains which one associates with his stage-work has he proved successful.

Granville-Barker's analysis of the play mood and purport and his detailed study of the characters and the psychological quality which invests the lines make one sorrow that he is not in charge of a theatre, using his powers for the interpretation of the best things in our national drama.

If Shakespeare enthusiasts and theatre people are not monopolising these sumptuous quartos, it is to be hoped that printers are collecting them as perfect specimens of their craft.

AMONGST items of news interesting to readers is the fact that the businesses of the well-known publishers, Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co., and Greening and Co., have been converted into a private limited company, and will in future be known under the style of Stanley Paul and Co., Ltd. Mr. G. T. G. Mackern has joined the company as a director, and will take an active part with Mr. Stanley Paul in the future management and development of the company.

Although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Correspondence

A Revolution in Railway Fares

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—There is a well-known " catch " in logic which demonstrates that if ten men can build a wall in ten hours, you have only to multiply the number of bricklayers to a sufficient extent, and they will complete the structure in a fraction of a second. I trust I shall not offend Mr. Herbert Birch by suggesting that his scheme for revolutionising railway fares by the institution of uniform charges ranging from a penny to ten shillings comes within the same category; theoretically it is undeniable, and in practice it is perfectly hopeless.

Mr. Birch's main contention is that " it is immaterial to the railway companies how much each individual passenger pays or how the fare is assessed, so long as the required revenue is obtained." We can very easily test this theory. Taking Mr. Birch's average fare of 1s. 4d. as a basis, it is clear that if every traveller were required to pay exactly that amount, and if the total number of passengers remained the same as under the existing system, then the *gross* revenue would be exactly what it is at present. I emphasise the word " gross," because, as will be shown later, one has also to take working expenses into account, which Mr. Birch apparently does not do, his figures affording no clue to the *net* revenue which may be anticipated under his system.

Now, what would be the result in practice of a uniform 1s. 4d. fare? The first and most obvious consequence would be the immediate disappearance of the bulk of passengers over distances of less than ten miles, since the railway would become too costly a form of transport for such short journeys. There would also be an increase in long-distance journeys, as it would be singularly attractive to be able to travel from London to the Isle of Wight or Aberdeen for sixteen-pence. But it would most certainly not pay the railway companies to carry their clientèle between London and Scotland for sixteen-pence, and the net result of the uniform fare would be that an enormous amount of short-distance traffic would be lost, and that money would be lost on the larger volume of long-distance business. So that it is, in fact, by no means immaterial " how much each individual passenger pays, or how the fare is assessed," and Mr. Birch's theory is thus wrong *ab initio*.

But let us take his specific proposals and see how they work out in practice. At the bottom of the scale he suggests a penny fare for all distances up to 12 miles. On the basis of the most recent figures available, we may take the " all-in " running costs of a train at 10s. a mile, which is £6 for a 12-mile journey. So that in order that receipts shall just balance expenditure, it will be necessary to carry six times 240, or 1,440 passengers. Will Mr. Birch make inquiries from railway traffic officers as to the possibility of securing such train loading, unless indeed the running of trains be restricted to the minimum, so as to cram the

largest possible number of passengers into each, regardless of either their comfort or convenience?

Suppose we examine the other end of Mr. Birch's scale, namely, 10s. first-class, for any distance in excess of 50 miles. At first sight this certainly appears more feasible, but is only the case of our bricklayers over again. From London to Carlisle by the old North Western route is 300 miles, which represents a running cost of £150. Assume nothing but first-class passengers (which is really a highly unlikely assumption, but I am stating the case as favourably as possible for Mr. Birch), and it will require three hundred passengers before receipts balance expenditure. But by the time our train has reached Aberdeen the running costs will have mounted up to £270, and as the passenger to Aberdeen pays no more than the traveller to Carlisle, or to Rugby, or Stafford, where is the profit on his conveyance?

One is, of course, quite aware that in addition to passengers who journey the entire distance, receipts will be swollen by travellers who join or leave the train en route, and that their fares must be added. But making every allowance for this factor, what possible profit can there be in conveying passengers whose fares on the average amounts to less than the cost of conveying them? Moreover, human nature being what it is, even if it were possible to travel from London to Inverness for ten shillings in a first-class compartment, a very large number of people would still prefer Mr. Birch's six shilling "ordinary" fare, which thus would decrease gross receipts still more.

Take another specific instance. It is 305 miles from London to Penzance by the shortest route, which gives us a running expenditure of £152 10s. Again assuming that all the passengers elect to travel first-class, we shall require three hundred and five passengers to prevent the train from being run at a loss. But a large percentage of passengers on this route travel at least as far as Plymouth, which is 226 miles from London, so that the railway company cannot count on the losses from the long-distance passenger being made good by the profit on people who use the same train for much shorter distances. If this hold good of the 10s. passenger, it applies with much greater force to the person who pays only 6s.

So far as concerns long-distance travel, Mr. Birch can put forward only one contention to answer my figures, namely, that the total number of passengers would be so largely increased that the aggregate sum received in fares would yield a profit. But when this argument is examined in the cold light of railway practice, it will be seen to enshrine a whole collection of fallacies. To begin with, and this is Mr. Birch's second fundamental error, there are limits to the extent to which passenger traffic can be increased. Even if railway travel were free, it would not produce so very enormous an increase in holiday-making, because the cost of the journey is the smallest item in the outlay on a holiday, while the average man is limited in regard to the number of days on which he can absent himself from his work. In other words, you do not necessarily increase traffic in the same proportion as you reduce fares.

But this is not all. There are also limits to the number of persons who can be carried in a single train, and owing to the continuous increase

in the weight and comfort of coaches and the growing use of Pullman and restaurant cars, that maximum tends to fall rather than to rise, even if allowance be made on the other hand for the increasing power of locomotives, which have incidentally about reached the limits possible on the English loading gauge. It is perfectly true that under existing conditions a very large proportion of long and medium distance trains are not loaded up to anything like their full capacity. But that is simply because provision must be made for the convenience of people travelling at different hours of the day.

Imagine that the daily average number of passengers from London to Maidstone is, say, two thousand. If they all choose to journey at the same time, they could be crammed into two or three trains, under which conditions Mr. Birch's fares might possibly be made to pay, since the cost of operating the traffic would be so low. But in practice such conditions never arise save in connection with certain excursion trains. The only conclusion at which it is possible to arrive is that Mr. Birch's system would not have a ghost of a chance unless the travelling public were prepared to put up with a wretchedly slow and infrequent service.

I fancy I have made it clear that there would be no profit in either Mr. Birch's maximum or minimum fares, and the same applies to his intermediate charges, namely 1s. 6d. "ordinary" and 2s. first-class for medium fast journeys of 12 to 50 miles. In every instance he has to contend with the same factors, which I may summarise as under :—

(1) There are limits to the growth of traffic, even if it be carried free of charge.

(2) There are also limits to the number of passengers which can be carried in a single train.

(3) No material improvement in the loading of the average train, without which Mr. Birch's proposals must fall to the ground at once, is possible unless we revert to the standards of 1840 in regard to speed and frequency of trains, and crowd each train to its utmost capacity.

(4) Gross revenue is no index to railway earnings, so that even if Mr. Birch could prove that the adoption of his system would produce the sum which he anticipates, he would still have to prove that the traffic could be carried at a profit.

The last-named point will perhaps be made clearer if I remark that one of the great problems of present-day railway administration is the extraordinary difficulty of estimating whether the increase in the volume of traffic which may result from lower charges will produce even the same net revenue as is earned at the higher rates. So far as concerns goods traffic, it is being demonstrated at the present moment that although lower goods rates have helped to bring about an increase in traffic, the larger traffic actually yields a lower revenue. There is not one economic law for goods traffic and another for the passenger side of the business.

In conclusion, may I ask Mr. Birch two questions? Why does he in a sentence, and without giving his reasons, summarily dismiss the zone system of fares as impracticable? And how does he propose to deal with season tickets?

Yours faithfully,

DAVID OCKHAM.

The Death Penalty in Time of War

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The death penalty in the Army for that natural fear which may suddenly seize the bravest, and which is defined as "cowardice in front of the enemy," offers a problem which may safely be discussed in peace time. In the Regular Army the training for years is so complete, that the soldier is not liable to panic, and the death penalty is a part of his vocabulary. But conditions are quite different when the nation is suddenly called to war. It is well known that men, who have shown "cowardice," later on have made good. In one case a young volunteer who had previously been under the death penalty, gained a V.C. by saving the lives of others. There are moments in every man's life when fear paralyzes both judgment and effort. Panic was shown by flight at the critical moment by the greatest general ever born—Napoleon. More recently the All-Highest has shown fear by flight on at least two reported occasions (Nancy and Holland).

Fear is a reality; a factor as clearly defined as insanity. It cuts at the root of responsibility. Where it is chronic it may lead to desertion, with full knowledge of the risk undertaken. Many of these cases are stupid and uneducated, not open to reason, and incapable of mental perspective. Frequently they are mental degenerates. Many of them should never have been recruited for fighting, but put in labour battalions. They might be all right physically, but weak mentally—not of their own making.

At the opposite extreme we see brilliant lads of sixteen or seventeen, who with difficulty persuaded the recruiting authorities to accept them. Many such a lad has undertaken more than his physique could stand. He makes a bolt, and the death penalty ends an otherwise useful career.

There are many causes for these tragedies. Thus, lapse of consciousness, which may be momentary, unknown to himself and not recognisable by onlookers, may easily be the cause of flight. Such attacks we call epileptiform, and are not rare.

There are other causes, such as altered or dual personality,* which may occur suddenly on the field under the influence of intense emotion. Or the condition of "automatism" may occur, in which acts are done without consciousness or control. There are many other psycho-physical causes, but perhaps the most distressing is where the refined lad yearns for pluck, but cannot gain his self-control. It has never been there.

How many thousands went insane, and how many borderland cases must have been executed!

Harassing tragedies there are innumerable, but I am asking for general principles, built on carefully collected evidence.

There is yet another aspect—the economic. The Government wisely withholds information, but if there were five executions per 10,000, that would mean 500 per million, and there were 8,000,000 in the Army, of whom 6,000,000 would be fighting. This means 3,000

* See "A Case of Multiple Personality," described by me in 1904 to the Society of Psychical Research; also in *Education, Personality and Crime* (published by Greening).

executions. But it may easily have been four times the number, or more.

If some other severe punishment could be defined, followed by intensive training, we might have put back in the field perhaps 10,000 picked troops. The French inclined to work on those lines and successfully.

Yours faithfully,

ALBERT WILSON, M.D.

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The Panel System

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for printing my letter. No one can accuse you of being a narrow-minded partisan. The two letters in the current issue are not exactly of similar point of view! In fact, Mr. Pring and I seem to differ quite a lot.

We Panel doctors are not really like that. Some of us still have ideals (silly things to keep as pets!); and here and there you may meet with one who is honest.

You *must* be interested in doctor matters, or you would not give both sides such a good run as you are doing.

Mr. Pring amuses me intensely. His point of view is quite common. Lots of people imagine a Panel doctor to be of some new and nasty order of creation. I should love to answer him seriously, but I'm not going to. You wouldn't print me if I did. No good boring your readers! Yours very truly,

FRANK G. LAYTON.

P.S.—I have tried my hand at a sonnet—about the worst ever made. But it expresses just a little of what I feel. Read it and burn it!

[Our medical readers will certainly not be bored, and should be amused, by our correspondent's metrical contribution to the controversy.—ED. *E.R.*]

THE DOCTOR AND THE PANEL DOCTOR.

Her Grace, the Duchess, when she's feeling ill,
  Sends for a *Doctor*—not the Panel kind—
Who views her tongue, prescribes a gilded pill,
  And never, *never*, NEVER speaks his mind.
Her Grace's handmaid, also out of sorts,
  Clutching her card, consults her Panel-man,
Who hears her story, shakes his head, extorts
  The truth, as only Panel Doctors can. . . .
The *Doctor* hides his guile (and takes his fee);
  That is his job—to tell the proper lie:
The Panel-man, more fortunate, is free
  To speak the truth—to help—not terrify.
And both—poor, hard-pressed men—will humbly bring
Their troubles to, and have them solved by, PRING.